THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXV
No. 1770

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

DEC. 23
1933

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P.A.32

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**Growing time is Benger time.**

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 23, 1933

# TOWED TO SAFETY

## The Finnish Grain Ship, "Lawhill," which Narrowly Escaped Disaster in a Channel Gale Last Week

The *Lawhill*, a Finnish four-masted barque of 2,816 tons and the last of the great grain ships to leave for Australia this year, encountered a fierce gale in the Channel when outward bound from London, and was driven helplessly towards the shore. Fortunately she was taken in tow by a Dover tug and rescued from a highly perilous situation. This magnificent vessel was built in 1892 and at that time was one of the largest of her kind in the world. In her early years she was engaged in the jute trade between India and Dundee, but in 1914 was sold away from Britain for £8,500. During the War she made a fortune for her owners and, in 1919, was bought by Captain Gustav Erikson, who to-day has the largest sailing ship fleet in the world. Since then the *Lawhill* has been a frequent contestant in the Australia to England grain race, and has done many trips in moderately good time. Under the British flag she was manned by thirty-three men, but to-day her crew is only twenty-five. Most of them are cadets

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

THE LORD MAYOR'S BOY PLAYERS rehearsing their repertoire of Christmas carols. They were originally organized in 1419, and were generally regarded as Henry V's official choir. In the time of Elizabeth they played all the female parts in Shakespearean productions and achieved immense popularity among theatregoers. To-day they sing at City banquets and at various London churches, and are doing their good turn this Christmas by entertaining the patients at St. Bartholomew's Hospital

# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 20, 1933.

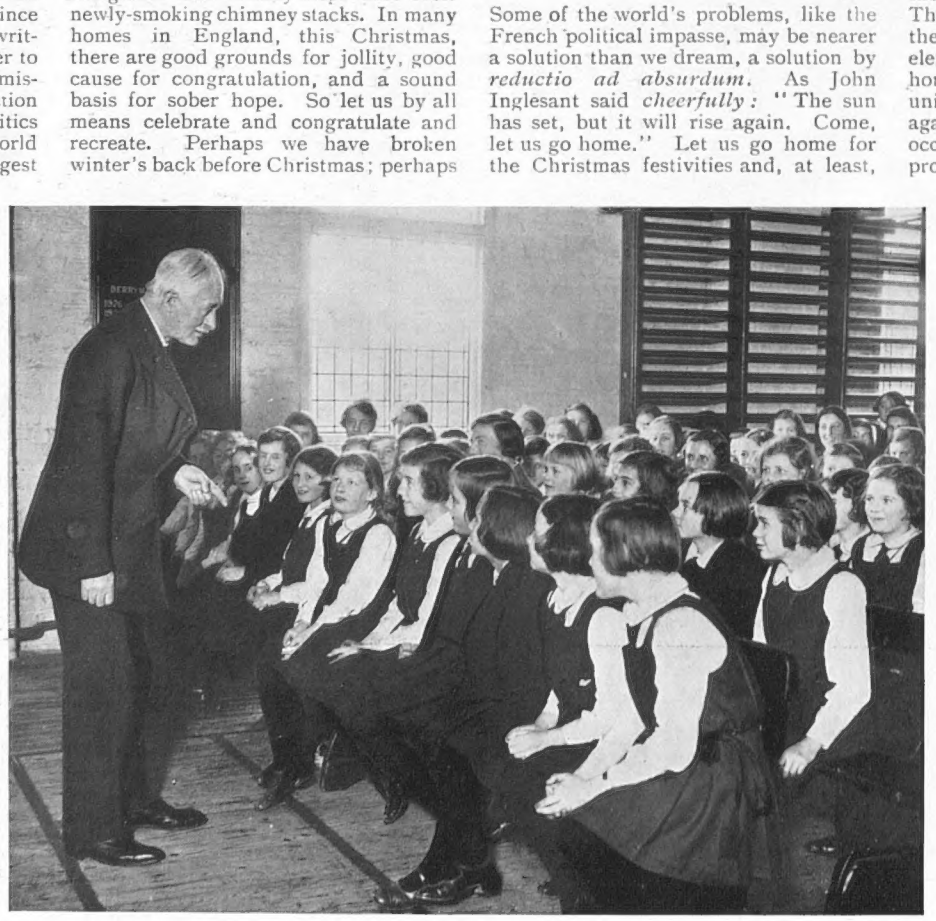
CHRISTMAS COMES.—It has never been very easy since Christmas 1913 (when we danced on the thin crust which covered that sea of troubles in which we have floundered ever since) to get each year that Christmas feeling when the festival of *Peace on Earth, Goodwill towards Men*, came round. On paper there is peace on earth again, there is no major conflict between Great Powers. And on the tongues of orators there is goodwill towards men. But the vision of lasting peace has receded since last Christmas. At the moment of writing the means to attain it are further to seek than at any time since the Armistice. And as for goodwill, if a reaction towards party rivalry in home politics and to the "balance of power" in world politics indicate anything, they suggest that the setting of class against class and State against State is to be expected in intensified form. But that is only the first impression of a large canvas. There is comfort in the detail, like light from a cottage window on a stormy autumn evening. If we take trouble to compare the state of England to-day with her condition last Christmas, we have good reason to thank Heaven for a crowning mercy. Our feet were almost gone, our treadings had well-nigh slipped; to-day we walk on firm ground. We live no longer only on hope, and that a desperate hope. We have tangible proofs of progress made and of ground regained, and we believe that our new hopes are based on sound deductions. We have better trade, more employment, and expectation of some lightening of the burden of taxation. We are as a nation financially sound, politically stable, and socially on the up grade. Our Budget is balanced, a surplus assured; a National Government which has achieved some results is secure beyond the coming year; and every month reveals an advance along the up-hill road to better housing conditions, more work, and less distress and grievance.

"COME, LET US GO HOME."—The major problems which the statesmen set out to solve are more tangled than ever. Statesmanship is at a discount. But citizenship is in happier case and has earned a word of approbation during this year of hope deferred. Here, there, and everywhere the little figures which bustle and toil between the feet of the giants have builded anew and dressed their tiny shop windows, and are trading and labouring as busily and cheerfully and hopefully as ever; and all may be well for them if the giants' next clumsy steps miss their newly-smoking chimney stacks. In many homes in England, this Christmas, there are good grounds for jollity, good cause for congratulation, and a sound basis for sober hope. So let us by all means celebrate and congratulate and recreate. Perhaps we have broken winter's back before Christmas; perhaps the Ministry of Transport will decide on a line of action and give up exploring avenues to reduce road deaths. And as for the lowering clouds and the major problems, it may be that even now the darkest hour is past and the tide already turning

> For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
> Seem here no painful inch to gain,
> Far back, by creek and inlet making,
> Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

Some of the world's problems, like the French political impasse, may be nearer a solution than we dream, a solution by *reductio ad absurdum*. As John Inglesant said *cheerfully*: "The sun has set, but it will rise again. Come, let us go home." Let us go home for the Christmas festivities and, at least, amuse (if we cannot plan hopefully for) our children

THE TRAGEDY OF FIRE.—The risk of destruction of house property and of danger to life by fire is statistically small. Insurance premiums indicate the remoteness of the risk. It is largely due, of course, to modern methods in house building and lighting. In old days, with wooden houses and open fires and "open" lighting, the risk was very high and destruction by fire figures widely in the history of private properties. To-day the chief danger lies in the adaptation of electric lighting to ancient houses and in the liability of old beams behind modern grates smouldering and catching fire insidiously. Whenever a disaster such as that at The Heronry occurs, we are shocked far more than by a disaster of even greater magnitude on the railway, the road, on water, or in the mines. The sea, the mines, the motor car, and the railway are in different degrees elements of acknowledged risk. Our homes we have come to regard as a unique haven of security. Time and again, when fire disasters of this sort occur, the rigours of frost have been proved to magnify the disaster. The



THE POET LAUREATE AT NOTTING HILL AND EALING HIGH SCHOOL: Mr. John Masefield chatting to some of the students whom he entertained last week with readings from his works

A ROYAL VISITOR: Princess Aspasia of Greece, who arrived in London last week

ground is iron hard for those who seek escape by the window, the water freezes in the pipes, and within the house all forms of heating and lighting are at full blast. In such conditions the advantage of a two-storied house from the point of view of escape by the window is more apparent than real. It is usual, after a disaster given as much publicity as this which caused the deaths of notable persons, for the purveyors of fire and life-saving appliances to be kept busy for a while. There are many excellent methods of quenching outbreaks and of escape from buildings. One rule applies to all of them—they are not of permanent value unless they are periodically inspected, renewed, and occasionally practised upon. And that is a precaution which is seldom taken except *after* a fire. And it is fair to say that the most meticulous precautions by man will be upset by the vagaries of fire. I am convinced that the least duty of householders and hosts is to keep adequate lengths of rope ladders or knotted rope on every floor and to instruct all newcomers in the "geography" of the house.

**HEADS I WIN . . .**—I suggested a short time ago that events in Spain should be watched in Britain with the special attention due to a vital lesson written for our learning. We have grown used to the efforts of Socialism of every degree and in all countries to impress on the peoples whose suffrages it woos its own determination to respect constitutional means and by no means to resort to force. Even when a firebrand like Sir Stafford Cripps speaks openly of revolution, he is careful on the morrow to define his specific as constitutional revolution and not a resort to force, and the rest of his party are equally careful to disavow in the party programme any of his specifics which smell of powder. Indeed every Socialist but the most extreme of anarchists realizes the folly of promising a resort to force for a political objective at a time when he is seeking the support of his electorate. And so long, just so long, as all goes well with its campaign, advanced Socialism is careful to fight under the banner of constitutionalism. But the moment the advance is checked, the moment the nation expresses a desire to give the other side in the constitutional system of government a turn, the flag of constitutionalism is hauled down, the red flag goes up, and the campaign of class injustice, of tyranny, of persecution, and of terrorism is carried on nakedly and unashamedly under the *Jolly Roger*. It is "heads I win, tails you lose" with these gentry all the world over. The cry of "constitutional means" is not and never will be for them anything more than an election slogan. The events in Spain are written for our learning, and let us hope the same element in Britain will read and mark and remember the lesson. The Socialists in Spain enjoyed a normal period of power, and now the inevitable post-War reaction against the party in power has transferred the reins to the hands of the moderates. They may say with some colour of justice that their period of power was marked by one or two monarchical risings, and this plea will be given consideration provided the moderate party is assured of a chance to govern, no more disturbed and obstructed than were their predecessors. Every party in every country is handicapped by its own extremists and hot heads, but experience has shown that the tail of the Socialist dog is by far the most dangerous and least controllable rudder. It is a rudder which has shipwrecked its party on a score of rocks in our own times. What need have we of any further witness of what will come to England if Sir Stafford Cripps' lightning cure is given a chance to experiment and to fail? Either way and all ways it must mean a resort to the tyranny and injustice and cruelty of force. In all such extremist movements the hot heads, even if numerically in a minority, seize the reins and overturn the cart.

**TARDY JUSTICE.**—As a nation we pride ourselves on our sense of justice, but the melancholy fact remains that we are so far bureaucracy ridden that, where injustice has been done to an individual, the pride of officialdom time and again has stood in the way of the rehabilitation of an individual reputation. So, many would say, in the case of Miss Douglas-Pennant. So, almost everyone would say, in the case of General Smith-Dorrien. That his actions in the Mons retreat should be judged on the basis of the reasoned "second thoughts" of Sir John French is a state of things which the nation as a whole cannot tolerate. That fine, brave, and honourable soldier was sacrificed to an outworn creed, the doctrine of infallibility in the higher command. The notion that the Commander-in-Chief cannot be wrong has been disproved in half the battles in our history. Most famous victories have been won, not by the genius of commanders but by the pluck of subordinates and the larger errors of the defeated general. Whatever reputation is to suffer, whatever further proof is to emerge of the amateurishness of staff work at the beginning of the War, Smith-Dorrien's name must be cleared of a stigma, if that stigma was undeserved, and tardy amends must be made for the cruel injustice done to him at the end of his very honourable career. We owe it to his family, to Britain's good name, and to English history, and it is the plain duty of the Government to dig out the truth without fear or favour.

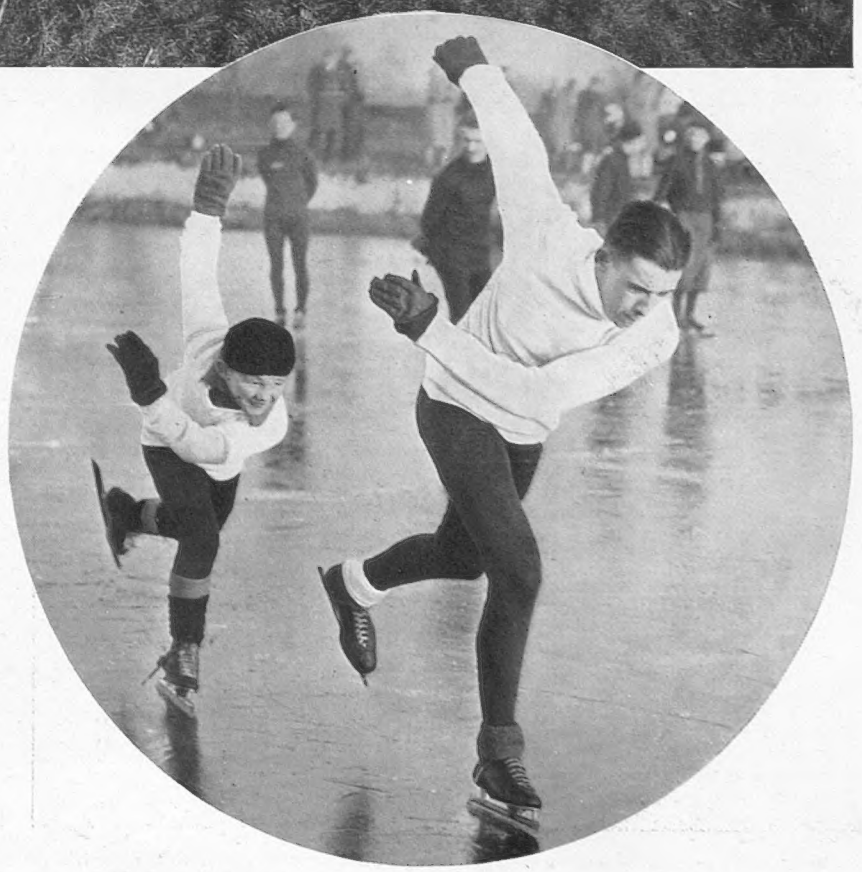
**DR. NORWOOD'S WISDOM.**—After eight years of usefulness at Harrow, Dr. Norwood is transferring his activities to Oxford and becomes president of his old college, St. John's. *O si sic omnes!* If only all party leaders and headmasters possessed his wisdom and were as careful of disappearances as they are of appearances, they would bow themselves out in a blaze of glory and at the height of their usefulness, to the benefit of their reputations and their labours. Dr. Norwood is recognized as a power in education. He sticks to his last like the good cobbler (and his wax). His contributions to the Press (unlike those of his brother beaks) have been terse and educational. In a profession which is dead-end and disappointment to 90 per cent. who embrace it, he knew himself and knew what he wanted to do, and so he cut his way through like a hot knife through butter. He chucked an assured career in the Civil Service for the lucky dip of a career as a master at a grammar school, and (because he was sure of himself) he never looked back. He is not bound by public school tradition, but he binds himself to it by his considered judgment. He still believes in the Public School tradition, in the value of a classical education, and above all in the preservation of the purity of the English tongue, in the pronouncing, speaking, and writing of our language with due care and respect. Dr. Norwood should be a power in University life. He gets my vote. Some of his confrères get my goat.

**ADVANCE—BRIGHTON.**—The Brighton Corporation has had its way and carried the defences of those benighted last-ditchers who tried to save the natural beauties of the South Downs. A part of these downs north of Portslade is to be leased to serve for a motor racing track or two, long and short. It is to blossom as a super-Brooklands, and should prove, for a time at any rate, a great draw for Brighton's varied patrons. For those who like seeing people smashed up, there will be the "fast banked curve"; for those who do not get enough noise in their ordinary avocations there will be the "test hill," and for those who like display there will be the petrol advertisements and the car parks and the restaurant displays. There are assured enough attractions to draw all that is best and loveliest in the crowd which throngs Brighton's sea front during popular holidays. More power to the Brighton Corporation which will not rest from mortal strife till it has built a new Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. I am entirely in favour of the plan. I have always felt that the compromise by which the natural beauties of England can be best preserved is that which concentrates in large *blocs* of English country complete joy parks and joy cities for the vast bulk of the inhabitants of this country who like such places, who are only happy in queues and in noise and in garish display, and in the pursuit of sensation and in the vicarious thrill which comes from watching while others risk their lives.

**CLEANING THE SERPENTINE.**—An excellent suggestion, contributed to the correspondence columns of *The Times*, was made last autumn. It was to the effect that the Serpentine, London's open-air Lido, should this winter be drained, dredged, and cleaned. It was pointed out that, though the Serpentine is by no means stagnant water, being fed by considerable streams, it is quite filthy, and hides beneath its waters uncountable refuse and perhaps treasure. The work would provide useful labour for the unemployed, and the dredged mud would be invaluable dressing for the park flower-beds. I believe the author of the suggestion stated that the Serpentine has not been drained since 1870. I thought it had been dealt with more recently; but whether or no, the suggestion is an excellent one. Many doctors agree that there is much danger in dirty, fresh-water bathing ponds from obscure and dangerous germs introduced through the nose and ears.

THE OLD STAGER

EQUINE STAGE FAVOURITES: Mrs. Tyrwhitt-Drake with some of her husband's famous cream ponies. They are appearing on the stage in several of the Christmas entertainments



THE BRITISH SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS AT RICKMANSWORTH: Master Bobby Redburn, aged ten, beating Mr. Fred J. Bennett in one of the quarter-mile heats

# PRE-WAR SPLENDOUR at the BRITISH EMBASSY in PARIS

## Distinguished Guests at a Brilliant Function in Aid of the Hertford British Hospital

BETWEEN DANCES: A group including Lady Clarke, Mrs. Reg. Williams, Sir Orme Clarke, and Mr. Herbert Oliver, British Vice-Consul at Rheims

NAVAL GALLANTRY: Lord Louis Mountbatten lends his cloak to his wife (centre) and Madame Letellier while waiting outside the Embassy for the arrival of their car

MAJOR WEILLER, the youngest officer of the Legion of Honour, with Madame Weiller, the "Miss Europe" of 1931

THE CROWDED BALLROOM: Some of the 1,000 guests who danced at the British Embassy in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré. It was once the home of Pauline Bonaparte, sister of the Emperor

THE HON. MRS. ADRIAN HOLMAN who organized the ball

THE GUEST OF THE EVENING: M. Lebrun (left), the French President, chatting with Lord Tyrrell, the British Ambassador

LADY MOIRA COMBE about to enter the ballroom

DON JAIME OF SPAIN with his sister, the Infanta Christina

THE NAVAL AND AIR ATTACHES: Captain J. W. P. and Mrs. Fitzgerald and Group Captain R. M. and Mrs. Field

President Lebrun, Prince Louis of Monaco, Prince Andrew and Prince Christopher of Greece, Princess Aage of Denmark, and the heads of some of the most illustrious families of France, attended the charity ball which was organized by the Hon. Mrs. Adrian Holman, daughter of the British Ambassador in Paris, and which was given last Saturday at the Embassy in the Faubourg Saint Honoré. Over 1,200 tickets were sold at 300 francs each, the proceeds going to the Hertford British Hospital, Paris

# IS THIS THE FINEST OF THEM ALL?

## The Dillon Portrait of Henry VIII

Very considerable interest has been aroused during the past few months concerning the portraiture of King Henry VIII. The discussion arose, firstly, through the appearance of a somewhat highly-coloured painting now known as the Castle Howard portrait. This was a three-quarter length showing the King in a gorgeous scarlet surcoat. Attention was then drawn to the picture at Warwick Castle which is, in nearly every respect, identical with that at Castle Howard, but is, in the opinion of many, the work of a more skilled hand. Illustrations have appeared recently of the Althorp portrait, which was also a three-quarter length work, but vastly differing in composition from the two first mentioned. The ascription to Holbein has in some cases been very vigorously contested. This great painter came to England in 1526 and died in 1543. The Althorp portrait appears to have been finished in 1545, thus ruling out any possibility that it was the work of Holbein. Through the courtesy of Mr. Francis Howard, we learn that there is hanging in London at the present moment a full-length painting of Henry which many believe to be the finest of all the existing portraits. It was originally in possession of Sir Henry Lee, who was sworn to the King's service at the age of fourteen, and who for many years occupied the post of verderer to His Majesty. It remained in the Lee family until 1932, when at the Dillon sale at Christie's it passed into private hands. The picture is in no way ascribed to Holbein, but it is obvious that the work is by a master hand. There is a three-quarter length portrait at Windsor in which the details of the composition are somewhat similar, but the skirt below the upper tunic differs radically. The countenance of the King in this Lee portrait is distinctly severe and gives no justification for the lighthearted aspect of his character so strongly emphasized in the film, *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*

KING HENRY VIII, from the full-length portrait now hanging in No. 11 Carlton House Terrace. It measures 90 in. by 54 in. The picture, painted with great confidence and skill, is taken from a slightly elevated angle so that a considerable amount of carpet is visible as a background to the striking legs of the monarch. The tunic and skirt are silver-grey

# LONDON AFTER DARK

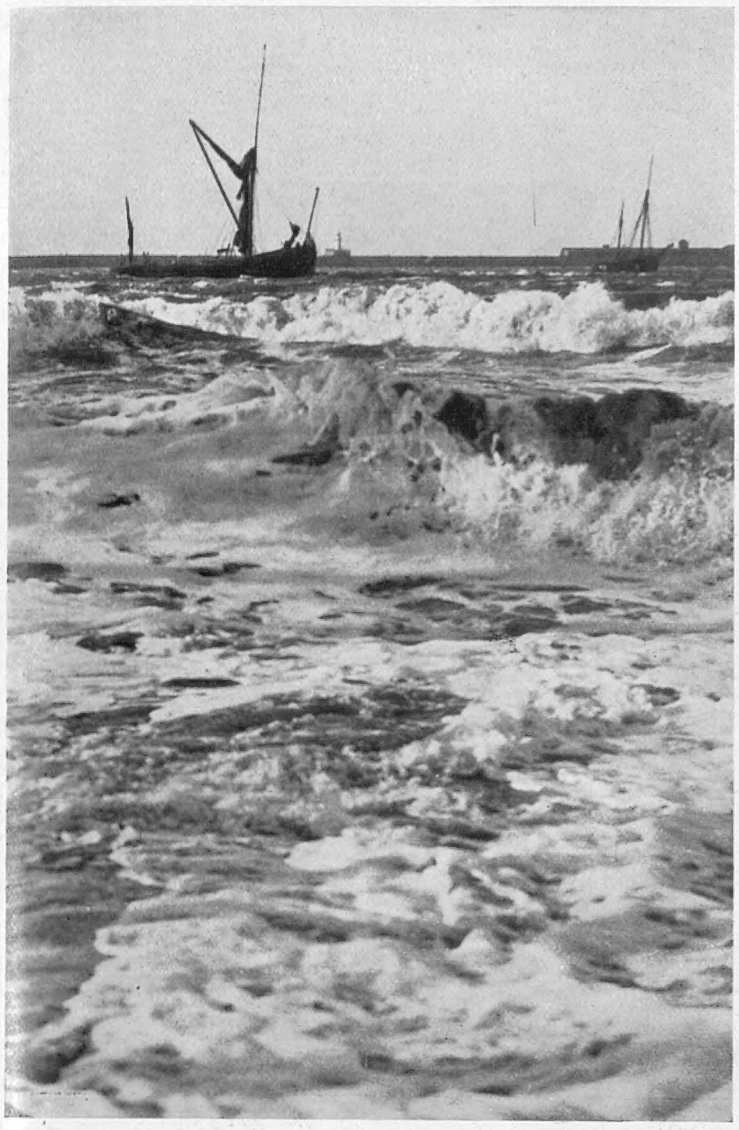
CIVIC PAGEANTRY FILMED: The scene in the Guildhall last week when the Duke and Duchess of York attended an evening reception given by the Travel and Industrial Development Association of Great Britain and Ireland. The Royal couple are seen with Lord Derby following the mayoral procession into the building. The film record which was made of the event was the first ever taken at a ceremony in the Guildhall

THIRTY YEARS AFTER: Guests arriving by hansom cab at Ciro's, where those taking part in this week's Edwardian party at Grosvenor House attended a preliminary dress parade

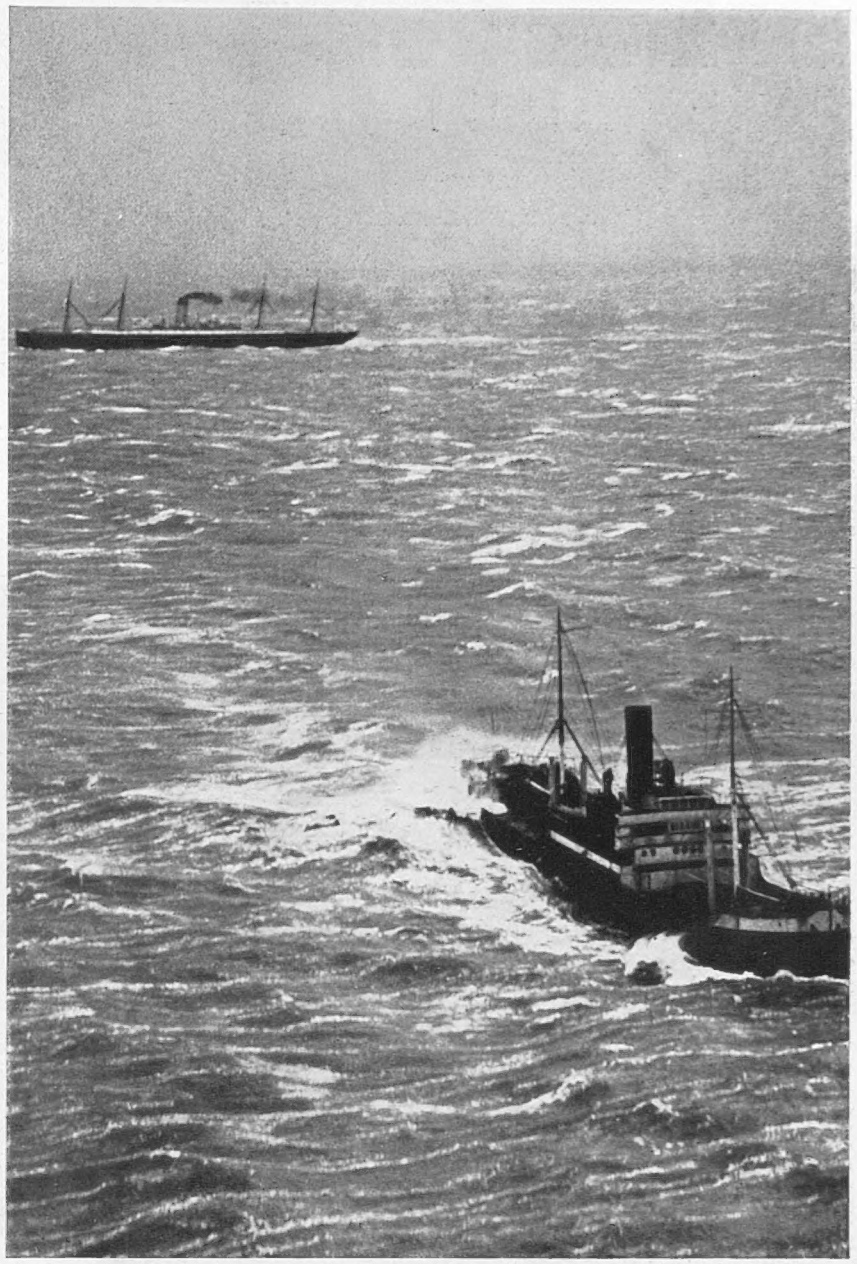
DRESSING THE PART: Mr. and Mrs. Claude Leigh receiving their guests at the "Naughty 'Nineties" party which they gave last week at the Carlton Hotel. Needless to say, the evening was a great success

# HAZARDS OF THE STORM

## The Cromer Lifeboat Goes to the Rescue



THE WAVES OF WINTER: Our fishing fleets, cargo vessels, and liners have been having a particularly rough time of late. This picture, taken near Dover, is typical of the prevailing conditions

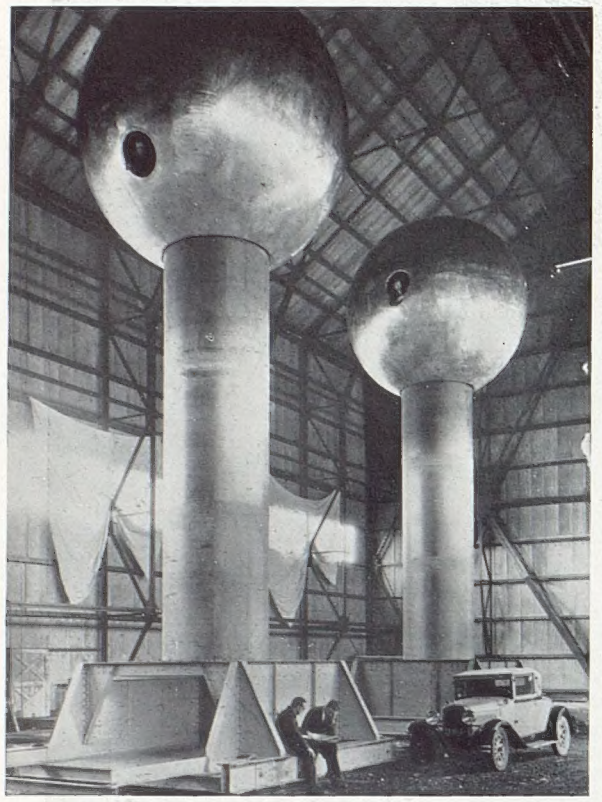


WHITE-CAPPED BILLOWS OF TREACHERY: An aerial view of the Spanish cargo vessel, *Hercules* (4,238 tons), pitching in the Channel off Newhaven. She was bound for Dunkirk with iron ore from Almeria

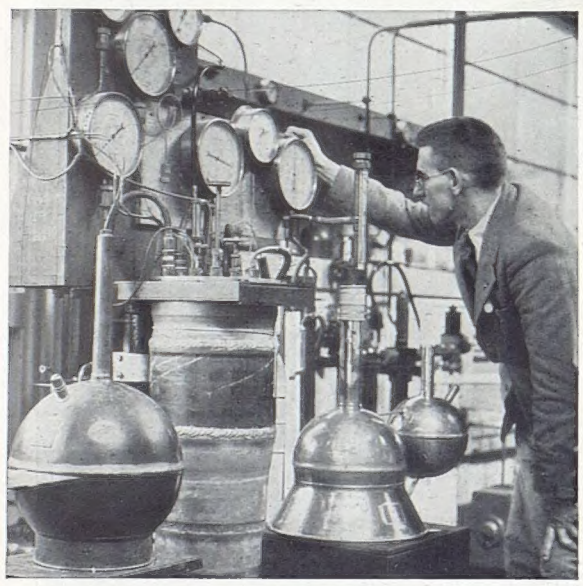
A DRAMATIC RESCUE ON THE EAST COAST: Crowds at Cromer last week cheered a spectacular feat of seamanship when the lifeboat, under Coxswain Blogg, rescued two men who had been clinging to the rigging of the helpless Dover barge *Sepoy*. When the barge's distress signals were first seen, the motor lifeboat was assisting another vessel, and, although the reserve boat (shown on the left) was launched, it was repeatedly driven back on the beach. A plume of smoke indicates where a life-line was being fired, but it was not until the arrival of Coxswain Blogg that the two exhausted men could be brought to safety

# THE ATTACK ON THE ATOM

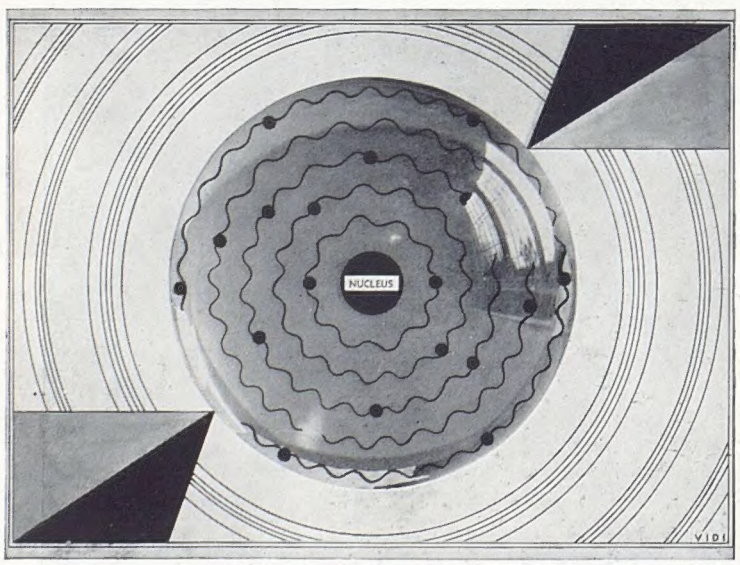
## In Britain and America



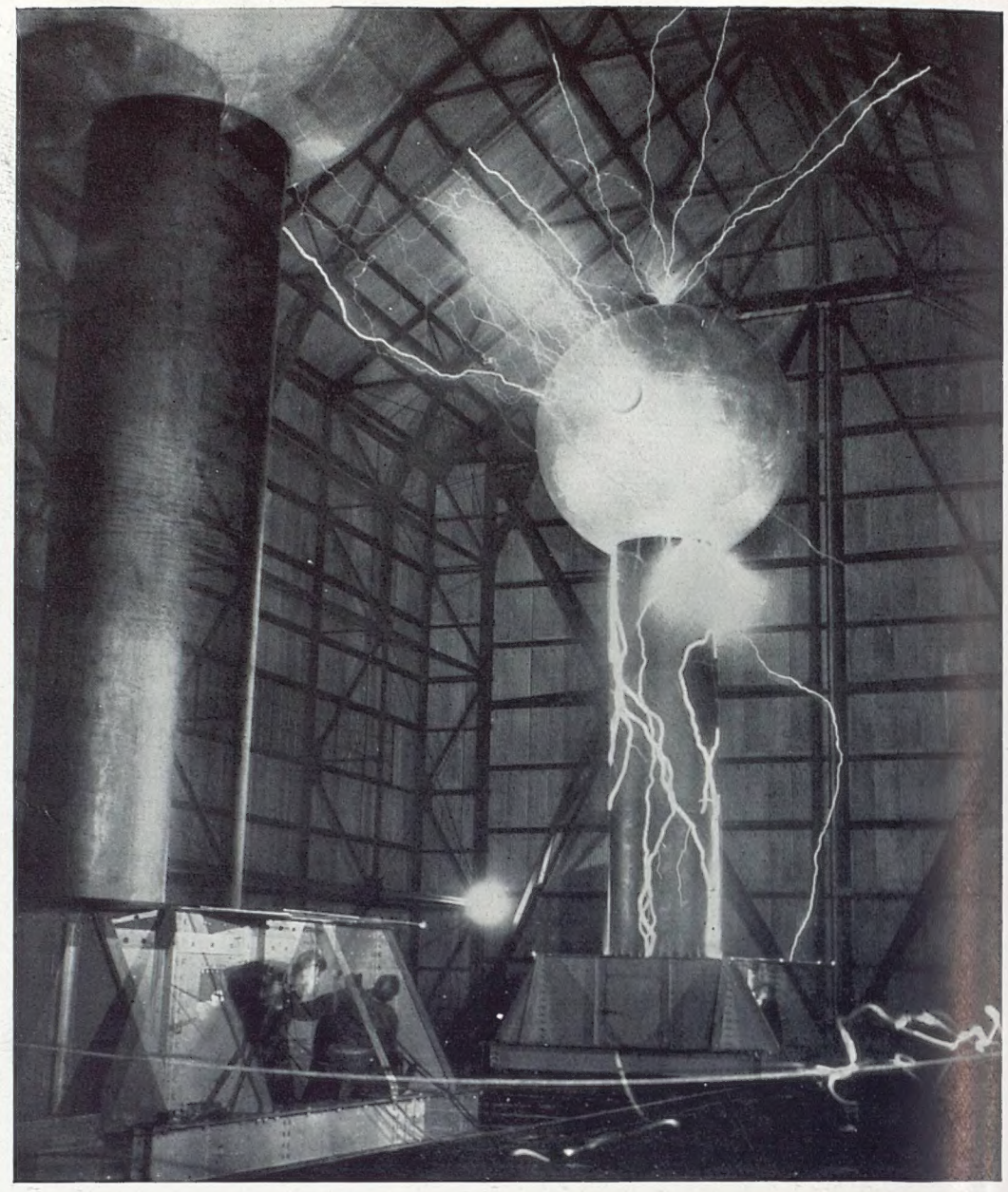
THE ELECTROSTATIC GENERATOR with which scientists at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are hoping to probe some of the mysteries of the structure of matter



AT THE LUDWIG MOND LABORATORY, CAMBRIDGE: Some of the intricate apparatus which is being employed by Professor Kapitza, the eminent Russian scientist, in his attempt to alter the arrangement of the inner nucleus of the atom




A DIAGRAM OF THE ATOM, illustrating the significance of Professor Low's description of modern attempts to break up its structure, release untold power, and realize all the dreams of the alchemists. In this picture the knife edges are symbolical only, whilst the atom itself, though drawn as a large ball, is actually no greater in diameter than 0.00000002 centimetre. Professor Low points out that further knowledge on the structure of matter might reveal the origin of life



ATTEMPTING TO SPLIT THE ATOM: An electrician discharging a 7,000,000 volt direct current lightning bolt at the first try-out of the giant electrostatic generator designed by Dr. Robert J. Van de Graaf at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This is claimed to be the highest amount of direct current voltage ever generated by man, and it is believed that the present experiments will lead to a number of important scientific discoveries. The operating staff worked in protective cabins

Ever since it was discovered that the atom was not one indivisible whole, but itself composed of various parts, physicists and chemists have been fascinated by what is popularly known as "splitting the atom." To-day it is realized that the dreams of unlimited power derived from atoms will not easily come true. Atomic forces may represent terrific power it is true, but, with our present knowledge, the process of disintegration requires far greater power than we could hope to secure in return.

This fact does not render an attempt to explore the interior of the atom any less interesting, and the recent opening of the Mond Laboratory at Cambridge by Mr. Stanley Baldwin probably marked the beginning of a new era during which Professor P. Kapitza will add to our knowledge. Although his researches will be entirely theoretical and concerned only with pure science, it is impossible to underestimate the probable result of his work upon industrial progress.

The Mond Laboratory apparatus is of immense importance for, by the use of a special coil of his own invention, Professor Kapitza is able to produce a magnetic field of great strength, hitherto only obtainable by means of gigantic electro-magnets. The technical details would not help a layman appreciably to understand this device, but I may say that by using a very powerful current for a very short space of time—roughly, 1/50th of a second—the experimenter is able to create a powerful magnetic field without the aid of heavy machinery.

The effect is, of course, like deliberately short-circuiting a power station, and if the flash lasted for more than a very short time the results might be disastrous to everyone concerned. As it is, the apparatus must be very strong to withstand the 17,000 to 20,000 ampères current even for a fraction of a second. It is almost as if all the power required to run the District railway and tubes was concentrated at a single point.

In these experiments the results are, of course, recorded photographically. We can only study the atom by inference. No one has ever seen an atom, and probably never will, owing to its size and the speed at which its particles travel. But its shadow can be visualized when traced on a photographic plate, and we can see the result of collisions between atoms. In the Mond Laboratory it is the movements of electrons and neutrons which will be studied. We believe these are merely impulses of electrical energy, and it may be found that matter itself is no more than electricity "made up" in different ways.

Most people understand that in solids atoms are more closely packed together than in gases and liquids, because they are moving more slowly. The experimenters at Cambridge are taking advantage of this fact and will "slow down" the atom at the very low temperature of *minus* 250 deg. Centigrade. "Absolute zero" is *minus* 270 deg. below which, we believe, it is impossible to fall. At this low temperature the atoms will be comparatively sluggish, although the electrons and neutrons will still be moving at speeds far greater than man has ever produced mechanically. Liquid helium will be used as the refrigerating agent as this is far safer than liquid oxygen, which has already caused the death of several laboratory workers.

Each experiment lasts only for a fraction of a second. The vibration and jar following the flash through the coil upset the apparatus, but before the shock reaches the camera the negative has completed its work. There is the further danger that if the current were allowed to flow one moment longer it would melt the metallic parts of the apparatus like wax.

Great precautions have been taken to ensure safety. Although sensational stories of such dangers are probably exaggerated, work with liquid gases and high voltages is never safe. Light shutters of aluminium in the roof of the laboratory provide an easy exit for the force of any explosion.

Atomic research is more romantic than any fairy story. We do not *know* all the possibilities of the atom. We can only feel sure that an understanding of some of the problems underlying the structure of matter will bring us to something more wonderful than transmutation, and may ultimately lead to discoveries which involve the origin of life itself.

Professor A. M. Low

# THE FASCINATION OF THE SILHOUETTE — a New Technique

THE WAY TO THE CHATEAU
*Above* — A CUP OF TEA

Done on to Glass by
WYNDHAM PAYNE

The art of silhouette has exercised its charm ever since the time of the monochrome on Etruscan vases, and from those days on the outline representation of a face, bust, or full-length human figure, has been practised by artists. For the outline can be rendered very truthfully, and the details of the face and dress can be supplied by the imagination. Many silhouettists have practised the art in its severest form of outline filled in with complete black. Others in the late eighteenth century, and early nineteenth, introduced fine lines to show hair or delicate lace work. The latest exponent of this method is Mr. Wyndham Payne, whose work is well known to readers of "Sphere" Christmas Numbers. He has developed a silhouette technique on glass. The painting is done on the inner surface, and gold is here and there allowed to show through the fine lines. Mr. Wyndham Payne frames the glass at a little distance from the back piece so that a slight shadow is thrown from the black silhouette on the glass. Two of these interesting silhouette compositions are reproduced above. It is interesting to recall that the word silhouette comes from the name of a French Minister of Finance, Etienne de Silhouette (1709–67), who had a remarkable career, and after his fall from office, used to make shadow portraits at his château of Bry-sur-Marne

C.F.H.

# CHRISTMAS SIDELIGHTS

"LILAC TIME" AT CHRISTMAS TIME: Derek Oldham, Helen Gilliland, Maurice D'Oisly, and W. H. Berry enjoy a little carol singing during an interval between rehearsals of *Lilac Time* at the Alhambra. This is only the second occasion that Mr. Oldham and Miss Gilliland have come together since their happy association in Gilbert and Sullivan opera

CHRISTMAS LEAVE FOR THE NAVY: Men coming ashore at Gillingham Pier at the start of their fourteen days' holiday. Half the Fleet has Christmas at home and the other half has leave for the New Year

A NEW COMEDY AT THE SHAFTESBURY: Ian Hay and A. E. W. Mason (second and third from left) who are joint authors of *A Present from Margate* which started last week at the Shaftesbury. With them are Athole Stewart (producer), Joyce Bland, Ivy des Vœux, Joan White, Ann Vosper, and Molly Shannon

REHEARSING FOR "PETER PAN" AT THE PALLADIUM: Peter, played by Jean Forbes-Robertson (right), tells Wendy (Daphne Courtney) about "The Never, Never Land"

TO AID THE UNEMPLOYED: Two of the eighty performers rehearsing for Rutland Boughton's arrangement of the fourteenth-century miracle play, *Bethlehem*, which was presented at the Streatham Town Hall on behalf of the Mayor of Wandsworth's Fund for the Unemployed. It will also be shown at the Church House, Westminster

"AND THE WORLD SHALL BE FILLED WITH MUSIC": Horatio Nicholls, the well-known composer, assisting Madge Mullen, the accompanist, in packing some of the 3,000,000 copies of Christmas pantomime songs which were despatched to all parts of the world from Messrs. Lawrence Wright's London warehouse

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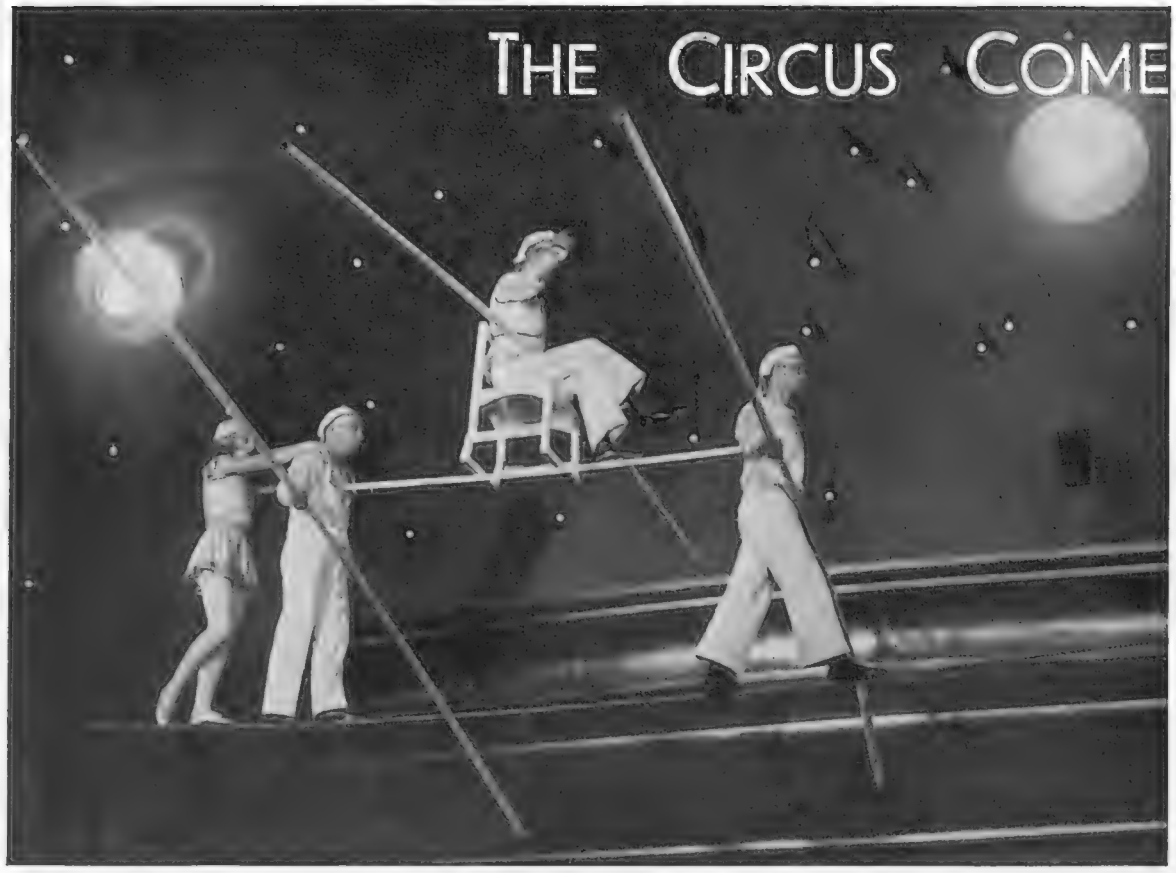
# THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

## Pickpockets and Racketeers in the Bad Old Days of the American Sawdust Ring

By CHARLES GRAVES



A SENSATIONAL ROPE-WALKING ACT BY THE WALLENDAS: German performers predominate in both British and American circuses

Once again the circus is here at Olympia with its high wire acts, its clowns, its sawdust, the crack of the showman's whip, and the raucous clamour of the sideshows. Also, over here, on a "busman's" holiday, is Clyde Ingalls, who knows more about the world's circuses than any man alive. Aged fifty-eight, Clyde Ingalls has been in the game for exactly half-a-century. He is Bertram Mills's New York agent, and also is attached in a senior capacity to the leading circus in the United States—that of Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey.

Tall, hook-nosed, white-haired, Clyde Ingalls has had experience of every phase of the circus from the bad old days to the present minute, and it is only after an hour's conversation with him that you have the slightest idea of how the circus business has been reformed since the War. To-day you can go to a circus and know that you will have your money's worth, and that you will neither be short changed, pickpocketed, red-lighted, "tished," or made a victim of the three-shell game, and three-card trick, of "pushing" or "sliding."

In the old days, particularly in the United States, the circuses could not provide attractions anything like good enough to pay their way. So they had to resort to every kind of graft. As for pickpocketing, the official detective attached to each show was compelled to admit unofficially the presence of at least one "gun mob," as they were called, in order to protect himself from the intrusion of other groups of pickpockets whom he did not know by sight. For the—so to speak—licensed ones tipped off the others to him, and he was able to jail them. The pickpockets worked in fours. One was the fat, distinguished-looking man with a suitcase who stopped in front of the selected victim and was known as the stall. The actual pickpocket was called the instrument or tool. On either side were the wing men. If the victim had his hand on his money in his pocket, one of the wing men "tipped his tile," which meant pushing his hat over his eyes. When the victim took his hand out to put his hat back, the tool put in the first two fingers of his hand and twitched the lining of the pocket so that the money came out. He never put in his whole hand. Pocket books were known as "skins," and when the excursion trains had steamed out of the station the gun mobs "turned them over" to see how much they had taken. Clyde Ingalls' great friend as a boy was one of these detectives, as he liked fighting, and there was a lot of it. Through the detective he learnt all the grafts of the circus game. In some circuses the pickpockets' rights were actually auctioned.

The shell game was worked on the same principle as the three-card trick, the stock-in-trade being three halved walnut shells and a tiny piece of rubber known as the pea. The operator's ally was the capper who pretended to tell the rustic under which walnut the pea was hidden. The three-card trick needs no explanation. Short-changing was so profitable that numbers of experts used to pay seven pounds a week for permission to travel with the circus. It was largely a question of palming silver when handing out the change. If the rustic was suspicious someone would always rush up with a large lump of ice and ask him to hold it a moment because "someone had fainted." By the time his hands were half frozen and he put the ice down, he had forgotten about the change.

Palming dollar notes by placing the left forefinger over the bottom note while you fixed the victim with your eye was known as "sliding." "Pushing" was the art of folding up a ten-dollar note and substituting a one-dollar note for the victim when you told him that you had no change, and he could pay you after the performance. "The Tish" was substituting a piece of paper for a note and giving it to a girl employee to put in her stocking. "Red-lighting" was the method of getting rid of someone to whom you owed money by waking him up in the middle of the night on a cross-country railway journey when a stop was made and telling him to get out and wave a red lamp to warn the following train (whereupon the victim's train drew out rapidly and left him cold).

In the past few years bootlegging has been so profitable that very few pickpockets still operate either at the circuses or anywhere else. It may be the death of Prohibition will revive the ancient calling.

Most of the side-shows were "grafts" too, except the freak animal section. Jersey City did a roaring trade in double-bodied babies (actually made from papier-maché) exhibited in bottles; "real" Egyptian mummies, and other frauds.

The barker would make a long spiel, too, about the Hoochi-Koochi dances to which he would only admit adults—though in fact they were tamer than a ballroom waltz.

Sometimes even the circus managers themselves were victimized. Old Lew Sells used to tell the boys that he did not mind their cheating a little as long as they left him alone. But one fine day in North Carolina they stole 26,000 dollars from his safe. It was old Lew who called out "Don't hurt him, he is valuable" when a black panther escaped, but a moment later yelled "Shoot the son of a gun" when the black panther turned in his direction.

In those days there were ten or a dozen circuses touring the United States. Moreover, they would visit the same towns year after year. "Why not?" says Clyde Ingalls. "People often catch fish with two hooks in their mouths, so why not a sucker after two trimmings?" To-day there are four big circuses in the United States—after Ringling there being the Wallace Hagenbeck show, the Al. G. Barnes show, and the Sells Floto show, but in Clyde Ingalls' opinion there is no circus in the world like that of Bertram Mills. All his acts are centre ring attractions, and Bertram Mills does not mind what he pays for them if he wants them. There are possibly only three famous circus acts which have not been seen over here. One of them is Clyde Beatty in his wild animal act. He carries a big black whip and a revolver, and his lions act like dogs. It is the most sensational turn of its kind in the world, but it is questionable whether the English public would stand for it. Then there is Tom Mix, and finally Toto—a marvellous clown said to be nearly as good as Grock. He, however, is afraid that his act would lose a great deal in the big arena of the sawdust ring.

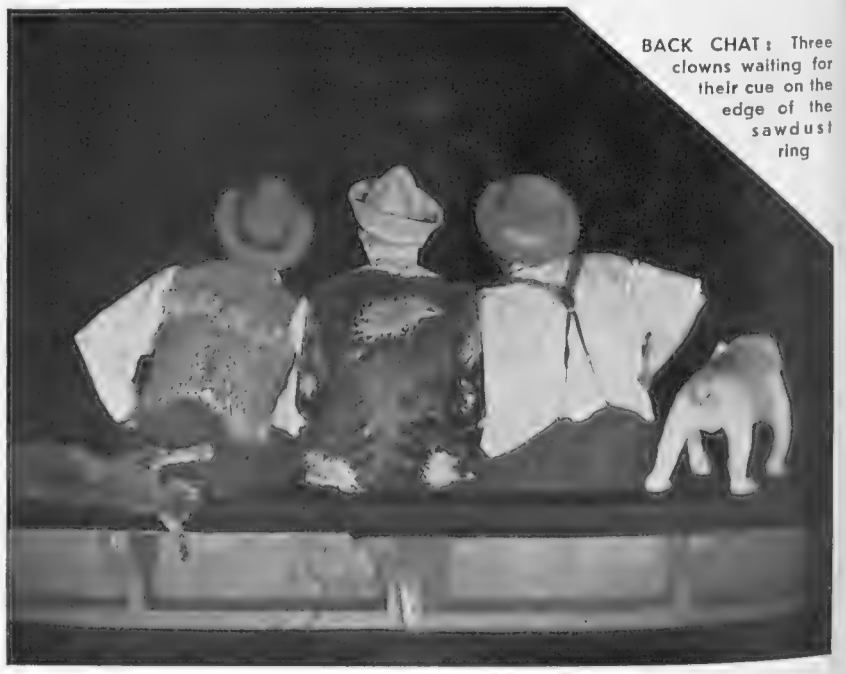
According to Ingalls, the greatest clown is, of course, Grock; the most sensational aerial act is the Flying Wallendas because, as he says, the other exciting acts are merely a matter of a gasp and then they are gone. The Wallendas take so long to get up to the Big Top, and the audience is panting for four or five minutes all ready for a hæmorrhage before they do their stuff. Barbette is another of his favourites.

It is a fact that Germany supplies nearly sixty per cent. of the circus acts whether it is in Great Britain or the United States. The Wallendas are German. Most of the lion tamers are German. Germany also supplies the strong men, the acrobats, the midgets, and the high school riders. If one is to differentiate among the other nations, the Argentines and the Mexicans specialize in high wire acts, the French in clowning, the Swedes in bicycle acts and skating, and the Americans in brief sensational turns like looping the loop on a bicycle, balloon ascents, and high diving.

The greatest "flyer" of all, however, was Alfredo Codona, according to Mr. Ingalls, but he pulled a ligament of his shoulder blade and has now retired. It would appear that the longevity of an aerial acrobat in a circus is much the same as the driving licence of an omnibus driver. It is largely a matter of luck. Some of them live to all kinds of ages. Others die younger, as happened to Mr. Ingalls' first wife, who was killed in Copenhagen.

One of the more sensational turns at Olympia this year, which I gather is better than ever, is Bombayo, a Hindu wire walker whose partner last year in Madison Square Garden had his shoulder nearly bitten off by a twenty-five foot python which was in the act, and which it took six men to pull off.

Well, see you at the circus . . .

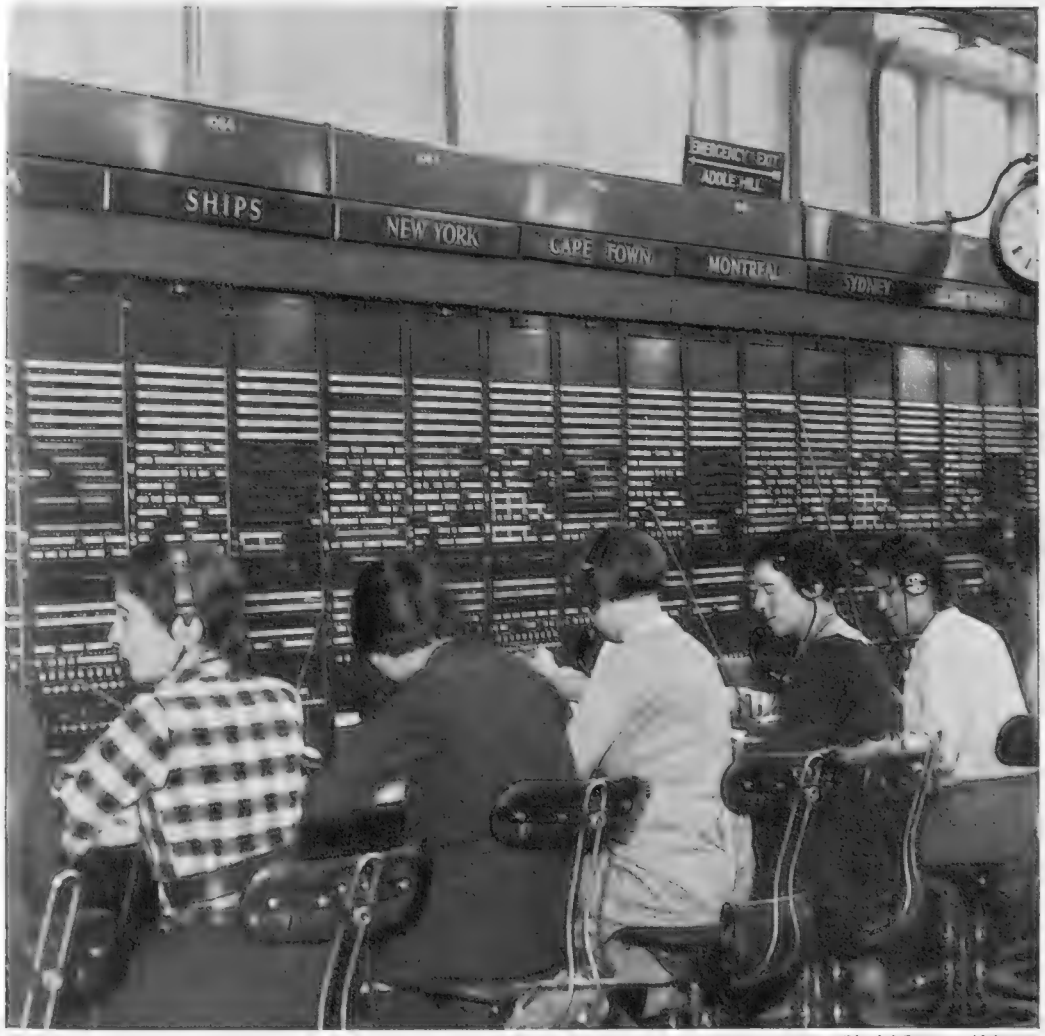


BACK CHAT: Three clowns waiting for their cue on the edge of the sawdust ring

# THE KING'S CHRISTMAS SPEECH

## How it will be Broadcast to the World

THE NERVE CENTRE OF THE CHRISTMAS DAY BROADCAST: These engineers at Faraday Building, the General Post Office International Telephone Exchange, will control the volume and regulate the quality of the King's speech from Sandringham. They will also see that there is no break in the continuity of the special Christmas Day programme by keeping in touch with the various Empire broadcasting stations which will send messages of goodwill to Britain




*Special* SPHERE *pictures*

THE INTERNATIONAL SWITCHBOARD AT FARADAY BUILDING: The King's speech at Sandringham will go direct to Broadcasting House in Portland Place and from there will be relayed to this switchboard. The various operators will already be in contact with Cape Town, Montreal, Sydney, Wellington, and other cities of the Empire, and the voice will immediately travel by land line to the Wireless Station at Rugby, where it will continue its journey by way of the Post Office Radio Telephone Services

*Right*—CLARIFYING THE TRANSMISSION: This engineer at Faraday Building will be engaged in preventing any interference while the King's speech is being broadcast

# THE FLOATING ISLANDS of LAKE

## Dwelling Places of the Descendants of a Once Cultured

A LLAMA OF PERU: This animal is carrying a load of rushes gathered from the shores of Lake Titicaca

12,600 FT. ABOVE THE SEA: This Indian fisherman of Lake Titicaca, which belongs both to his island-dwelling with a cargo of dried rushes. These are used for hut and boat for wood which, owing to the great altitude, is very scarce

DRYING RUSHES NEAR LAKE TITICACA: The Indians use them for building houses and fishing boats, as there is no other suitable material available

INDIAN FISHING BOATS: Except for the masts, these primitive craft are built in many ways the reed canoes of Africa which, even to-day, can be seen on Lake subject appeared in "The Sphere"

A FISHERMAN OF THE UROS INDIANS with his boat built of dried rushes

THIS INDIAN WOMAN carries her child on her back wherever she goes

Lake Titicaca, which belongs jointly to Bolivia and Peru, stands some 12,600 ft. above sea level and is one of the most elevated stretches of navigable water in the world. There is no timber in this region and the Indian population has to make everything of stone, clay, or dried rushes. Their boats, which have for centuries been a characteristic feature of the lake, are constructed almost entirely of rushes and, although clumsy, are surprisingly steady. The people gain their livelihood by fishing, and find a fairly extensive market for their catch at Puno, the nearest Peruvian town and railway centre. Their homes are built on floating islands which are created by large quantities of dried rushes being thrown into a shallow part of the lake in such numbers that a thick, yielding, ever-moving carpet is formed. Walking on these islands gives the rare visitor a most curious sensation, as they sway with every forward step he makes. If he is wearing ordinary boots he is continually being held

# TITICACA

## Indian Race

to Bolivia and Peru, is rowing home to building, and provide the only substitute in this region

THE FLOATING ISLANDS OF LAKE TITICACA: This fisherman of the Uros Indians is seen with his boat at the landing-place near his hut. The latter is built in a shallow part of the lake, and on dried rushes which are piled thickly on the water surface and provide a moderately secure foundation. There are thousands of these tiny islands in the Titicaca region

entirely from the rushes growing in the lake. They resemble in Lake Chad and in Abyssinia. An authoritative article on this of January 30, 1932

fast and has difficulty in freeing himself. Apart from this it is definitely dangerous to walk on the less thickly strewn portions, and it is not an unusual sight to see pigs lying helpless on their stomachs after their feet have broken through the rush floor. The various islands, which are mostly a few hundred yards distant from one another, are extremely dirty, as also are their inhabitants. The women's looms are very primitive and their taste in clothes appears to extend only to drab colours. The men have but one care, and that is to look after their boats. These Indians are a very timid people seemingly content with their present conditions of living, and quite ignorant of the power and greatness of their ancestors, relics of whose existence abound in the neighbourhood of the lake.

CHILDREN OUTSIDE A RUSH HUT: Another view taken on one of the floating islands of the lake

# HOLLYWOOD FACES the SLUMP

## Heavy Salary Cuts which have Influenced Social Life in the Film Colony

By VAL GUEST

CULVER CITY: An aerial view of the vast Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

When the world depression hit the United States through Wall Street, it took a long time for the effect of the slump to be felt in Hollywood—the film city which for so long had seemed to falsify the economists' predictions.

Then Hollywood knew all about the depression and fell into line, almost into the bread line.

The events which have led from the first days of panic, when film stars tried vainly to adjust their standard of living in a world suddenly turned upside down, to the present commotion which President Roosevelt's code for the film industry has caused, make in themselves a drama as crazy as any that the studio sets have ever held.

Hollywood film stars are peculiar people. Even after a long association with men and women who can organize elaborate "paupers' parties" when their whole world crumbles beneath their feet, I have been unable to understand fully Hollywood's queer philosophy of life.

Like most Americans, the Hollywood stars have been heavy investors in the stock market.

So that when the Wall Street crash echoed through the States, the fortunes of several international screen stars disappeared into thin air.

Wallace Beery, for example, had invested 133,000 dollars in the Trans-American Stock and Guarantee Building and Loan Association. The other 30,000 dollars of his life's savings he had invested in the Beverly Hills Bank. Within a few days he had lost the lot—the money which represented twenty-two years' hard work.

Eddie Cantor, after a lifetime on stage and screen, had saved nearly 2,000,000 dollars. He was left with a sheaf of worthless share certificates.

Al Jolson, who rocketed to fame by crashing the first talkie, *The Singing Fool*, had 3,000,000 dollars in the market. He lost the lot.

Examples could be multiplied. Everyone in Hollywood, from Greta Garbo, who was forced to cut her household expenses to one-fifth, to the thousands of extras whose slender savings melted away overnight, suddenly found themselves face to face with the grimmest problem California had ever known.

Hollywood took the gloves off. The fight was on—the fight to build up the vanished bank balances with a terrific burst of work. But Hollywood only had a foretaste of the slump in the Wall Street crash.

The next move came from the big executives, who observed, with increasing alarm, the gentle but continued decline in cinema receipts. People just could not spare the money to see the pictures.

Samuel Goldwyn announced his policy.

"There are far too many pictures," he announced to a bewildered film city, "Hollywood turns out 400 a year. Fifty would be a good number. We are told that theatres have to be kept open. So prices are cut and two bad pictures are shown instead of one. People no longer go to the picture-theatre from habit. They shop. Or they stay at home. That's smart of them. And so these theatres, built out of property inflation and speculation, remain dark and empty. Hundreds of needless, unprofitable pictures are being made to keep open these needless, unprofitable theatres. While that continues, we can't adjust our production costs."

Adjustment . . . this was a word which sent a shiver through the stars and feature players who were already beginning to worry for the first time over household expenses.

Then the studio cuts began.

A great deal of nonsense has been written on this subject, but I know that the reductions were done on a systematic basis. Studio employees receiving less than 50 dollars a week were not affected. Those formerly being paid 51 to 75 dollars a week were cut 25 per cent. with a minimum of 50 dollars. Salaries of from 76 to 100 dollars were cut 35 per cent, with a 65 dollar minimum.

LEILA HYAMS: The popular Hollywood star at the Banning "on location" residence at Catalina Island —an important centre for outdoor film work

Into this last section, even stars, directors and players were obliged to fit. At one studio, several stars who had received more than 5,000 dollars a week—and had maintained a standard of living almost in excess of their income—found their pay sliced in half.

It was announced that the salary cuts were provisionally for eight weeks, but Hollywood knew that things would never be the same . . .

The spectacle of Hollywood in the throes was not without its comic side. Gary Cooper walked all around Hollywood trying to change a 100-dollar bill. Fredric March opened the money-box of his adopted son and took enough ready money to carry on until the banks opened again. Ely Culbertson, the bridge celebrity, gave an autographed dollar bill to a waitress. A few days later he asked her to return it but the waitress had needed ready money herself and had exchanged the precious souvenir dollar for—just a dollar's worth of goods.

Elaborate cruises and tours which had been arranged by the stars were suddenly cancelled and the famous "pauper parties," during which the stars ate and drank in their customary style while discussing the unaccustomed situation, were staged.

Wallace Beery switched off the electric light in his magnificent home and used only candles; he sold his limousine. Mrs. Beery began to make her own dresses.

Lew Cody accepted a broadcasting engagement in a small cafeteria. While they ate, the people watched him through the glass panelling of the announcer's box.

Eddie Cantor wrote a book about the falling market, made a funny story out of his own misfortunes—and made a pile of money as well.

"Hoot" Gibson, the cowboy star who had been collecting 1,000,000 a year from Universal Pictures, had to sell the Rolls-Royce car, abandon his famous rodeo shows, and jump right back into hard and unremitting studio routine.

Monte Blue became an independent producer, and specialized in turning out short subjects. It was the worst-paid job in Hollywood, but he had to do something.

George Arliss was one of the few fortunate stars. He suffered from the stock exchange slump but was not broken by it. Arliss, who is one of the most far-sighted men in the industry, went voluntarily to Jack Warner and offered to take a cut in his salary.

I could add to this list of moneyed men and women who felt the pinch, but perhaps it is more significant to point out that although a cut of 50 per cent. in a salary of 3,000 dollars a week might not seem a terrible hardship, it is a fact that a vast proportion of the star's salary goes to the maintenance of personal publicity men, elaborate houses, and the almost limitless private wardrobe which no star can afford to neglect.

Constance Bennett, for example, spends nearly 8,000 dollars a week on her house and personal expenses. Showmanship, possibly, but essential to the prosperity of the star.

And although these expenses were necessarily curtailed during the dark days, most of the stars preferred to economize in matters which most people would regard as sacred, and continue to spend money on apparent luxuries.

The depression, then, spread like a web through Hollywood radiating from the highest-salaried people to the tradesmen and servants whose very existence depended upon the spending power of the film city's aristocracy.

The first panic had died, Hollywood was beginning to recover from the shock, when there came the unkindest cut of all. Roosevelt's National Recovery Act had been regarded by Hollywood as an extremely interesting item of national news. Suddenly it appeared in their midst, threatening them with a cut which even eclipsed the efforts of the studio executives.

Roosevelt declared that no star should receive a salary of more than 2,000 dollars a week.

Rumour of National Recovery Act activity in the film industry has been followed by protests from electricians and studio hands who had imagined that they, alone, would be the victims of the unexpected Presidential decree.

But Roosevelt had his eye on the stars, who, when they heard the news, threw the blame upon the studio executives and controllers. The immediate result of Washington's action was a kind of panic secession from the Academy of Motion Picture Sciences.

Eddie Cantor called a meeting of the turbulent artists together and revived the old Screen Actors' Guild.

*(Continued on p. 494)*

AT A HOLLYWOOD DINNER: Mr. Marshall Duffield, former football star of the University of Southern California, and his wife, who is better known as Dorothy Lee. They were married only recently

# THE CITY OF DOLLS

## Neustadt — A Famous Centre of Production near Coburg

PREPARING TO TAKE PART IN THEIR CITY'S STAPLE INDUSTRY: A large proportion of the population of Neustadt, near Coburg, is either directly or indirectly engaged in doll-making. These children are being instructed in the art of designing

THE PERMANENT EXHIBITION, where trade buyers and visitors to the city can see all the latest productions

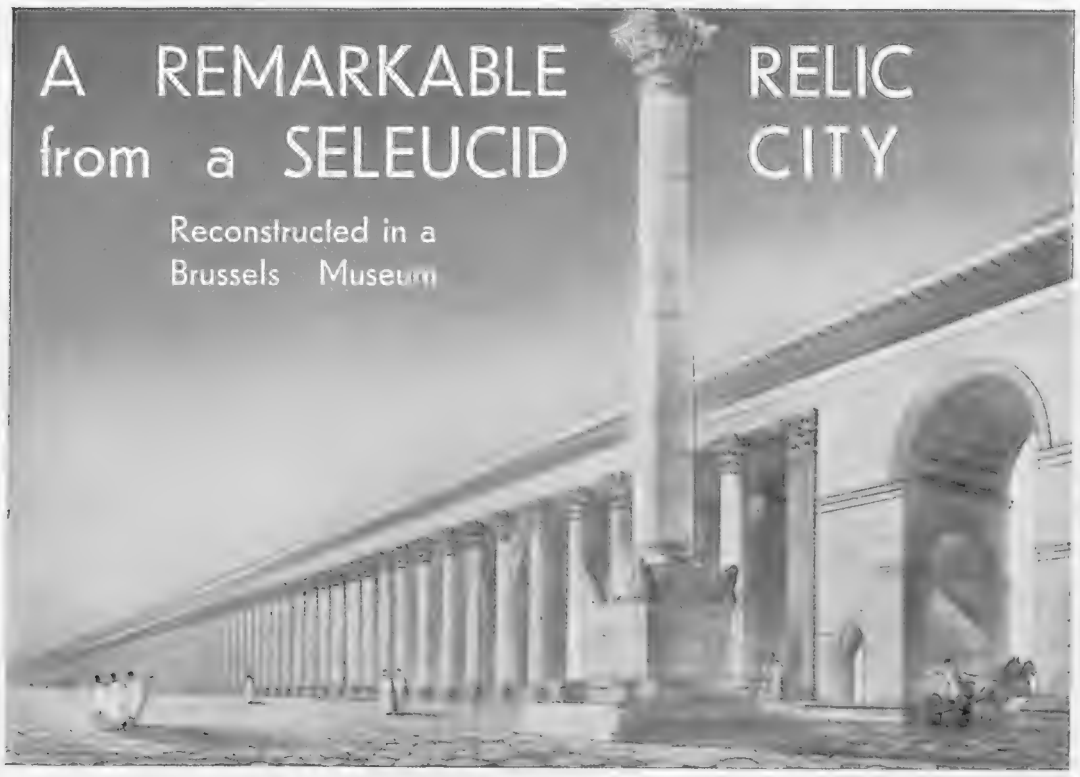
INGENIOUS PUBLICITY: A Neustadt policeman using the arms of a Brobdingnagian doll for directing the traffic

A DOLL'S-EYE VIEW: A delightfully posed picture taken on the heights above Neustadt. The people are largely dependent on the doll-making industry, and the local factories supply practically every country in the world

READY FOR EXPORT: Basket-loads of completed dolls waiting to be packed for shipment abroad. The industry has been somewhat hampered of late by high tariffs

# A REMARKABLE RELIC from a SELEUCID CITY

## Reconstructed in a Brussels Museum



A VOTIVE COLUMN IN THE GREAT COLONNADED WAY OF APAMÉE, SYRIA: This remarkable highway was the principal architectural feature of this old city which dates from the time of Seleucus Nicator, founder of the Seleucid Dynasty which came into being after the death of Alexander the Great. The giant colonnade, is of Roman origin and was broken at intervals by arched gateways leading to cross-roads

ROMAN SPLENDOUR RECONSTRUCTED AT BRUSSELS: This view, which has been specially taken for "The Sphere," shows a portion of the Apamée colonnading from the inside. Facing the spectator is a niche which arbitrarily blocks this end of the reconstruction

PART OF THE WONDERFUL RECONSTRUCTION C
This reconstruction stretches right across one
actuality to the spectator, so cleverly are the
road, appears on the

One of the most striking reconstructions in any museum in Europe has recently been completed in the Royal Museum of Art and History in Brussels. It comes as the result of a Belgian mission of scientists to Syria in 1930–31–32. By courtesy of the Director of the Museum, THE SPHERE is enabled to give this set of pictures illustrating the reconstructed section of the colonnaded way in Apamée. This great thoroughfare, without parallel to our knowledge in any classic city, completely bisected this wonder city of the Near East. Originally known as Pharnake, it was rechristened Apamée, after the Persian wife of Seleucus. The reconstruction creates an extraordinary effect upon the spectator, the warm, creamy colour of pillars and cornice exactly reproducing the feeling of the old stone. The date of this marvellous avenue can be fixed with certainty as the middle of the second century of this era. Apamée must have rivalled at one time the splendours of Palmyra, but earthquakes have shaken her columns to the ground

A MARBL
show
richly de

CTION OF THE APAMEE COLONNADING IN THE ROYAL MUSEUM OF ART AND HISTORY, BRUSSELS: oss one of the wings of the museum and measures about 100 ft. in length. It conveys an astonishing sense of are the spirally fluted columns tinted with the colours of age. One of the arched gateways, leading to a cross- s on the left. Each column rests on a square base carrying an unusual panelled design

MARBL SARCOPHAGUS WITH WINGED VICTORIES: Standing in front of the great reconstruction show in the upper view are several actual relics from the ruins of Apamée. This particular piece is richly decorated with winged figures bearing garlands. In the spaces between figure a bull's head, a lion, a sphinx, and other designs

A PANELLED PILLAR IN THE APAMEE COLONNADE AT BRUSSELS. This view shows in detail the arches leading to one of the transverse streets, and also two panels of typical Apamée decoration which can be seen on the square pier on the left

# AMID THE RUINS OF APAMÉE

THE APAMÉE COLONNADE AS SEEN BY THE BELGIAN SCIENTIFIC MISSION: This was the scene which confronted M. Mayence and M. Lacoste when they arrived on the site of ancient Apamée in October, 1930. The ground was covered with sections of spirally fluted columns which once formed part of the great highway

A MONUMENTAL GATEWAY: In addition to the other features already noted, the sweep of the giant colonnade was broken at intervals with monumental structures of the character shown above. In general formation this gateway resembled a Roman triumphal arch

## A HUGE TOWN-PLANNING SCHEME

The reconstitution of the stupendous colonnade which is pictured on the foregoing double page was rendered possible only after three seasons of laborious work upon a site covered with the broken or dislocated fragments of the great buildings which once formed the city of Apamée. Large portions of the ground were also completely covered by the detritus of ages, but the first season's work in 1930 proved so rich in promise that the necessary funds became available for further seasons' work in 1931 and 1932.

When the fluted columns had been more or less sorted together and their bases identified, there was revealed what was evidently a gigantic town-planning scheme by the Romans, who dominated the city in the middle of the second century of the present era. Messieurs F. Mayence and H. Lacoste were able to plot out this astonishing roadway which ran right across the city for a distance of some 5,000 feet. It measured about 70 feet wide and on each side of it ran the colonnade. Where transverse roads had to cut across the main thoroughfare there occurred big monumental gateways, all planned like Roman triumphal arches, so that the general architectural scheme was one complete decorative unit. Each column was surmounted by a capital in the Corinthian style

The massive architrave which these columns supported follows both Ionic and Corinthian motifs, and was surmounted by a Doric frieze. The decorative devices employed included roses and lotus blossoms, while some of the Corinthian pilasters were decorated with rectangular panels showing Bacchic figures among trees. Mosaic pavements have been found at various points beneath the portico, and in the roadway itself there arose towering Corinthian columns at considerable distances apart. They rested upon massive monumental bases and must have added another touch of dignity to this astonishing roadway. We give here a plan showing the position of the roads, fortress, and theatre, and other portions of the city discovered by the expedition. The whole lies on a plateau raised above the plain of the Orontes.

Remains of the Saracenic occupation add a picturesque touch to the place as seen to-day. Aleppo lies some fifty miles to the north-east of Apamée, the position of which may be identified in most atlases by the existing Arabic village, Kalaat-el-Moudik.

HOW THE COLONNADED HIGHWAY TRAVERSED THE CITY: This plan was drawn up after three successive seasons of work at Apamée. It shows how this Seleucid city occupied a plateau above the neighbouring plain, and how the colonnaded way ran from north to south transected by a number of cross-roads. The position and extent of the portion reconstructed in Brussels are indicated by a small black rectangle in the centre of the plan

EXCAVATING APAMEE'S GREAT WAY: The work of the Belgian mission gradually revealed massive walls lining the highway. It is actually this portion of wall that is reconstructed in Brussels

# A COLONY of RUSSIAN and POLISH JEWS in PALESTINE

BACK TO THE LAND: All the pictures on this page were taken at a settlement known as Cfar Chassidim, near Haifa, Palestine. It has been colonized by elderly Jews who have come to live in the country from Russia and Poland, and most of whom were formerly engaged in business. To-day they till the soil and devote the rest of their time to the study and observance of their religion. *Left*—One of the colonists reading the Talmud. *Right*—An elderly Jew at work on the land

A HAPPY SEPTUAGENARIAN: In spite of his years this colonist is still capable of hard manual labour and, what is more, appears to thrive on it

FATHER EXPLAINS THE SCRIPTURES: A happy family group at Cfar Chassidim. In the background can be seen some of the wooden huts which the colonists have built for themselves

RELIGIOUS STUDY: A young Jew reading in the synagogue. The latter is an imposing building of white stone, and provides an extraordinary contrast to the crude dwellings of the colonists which are partly constructed of wood from packing cases

AN ENGROSSING DISCUSSION: Two elderly Jews debating a religious problem. They start their work on the land very early in the morning in order to allow plenty of time for study

FIGHTING THE COLORADO BEETLE: Workmen filling the huge syringes used for injecting carbon disulphide into infected ground. This picture was taken on a Tilbury allotment where the Colorado beetle made its appearance some months ago, and where further specimens have now been found

# THE COLORADO BEETLE

The dreaded Colorado beetle has made its appearance at Tilbury, and that news will perturb every grower of potatoes in the country.

Small, oval, and rather beautiful, the Colorado beetle (Chrysomela) was first noticed by Thomas Say nearby the Upper Mississippi rather more than a century ago. In Nebraska and Iowa it had been known for years as the omnivorous devourer of wild crops, but it spread to cultivated crops in Colorado and continued, year by year, a steady eastern movement which ended only with the Atlantic seaboard.

The ravages of this insect, of the orange-coloured and black-spotted coat, have been terrible. There was one year — 1859 — when it destroyed practically the whole of the American potato crop.

The habits of the beetle are now very thoroughly understood. It spends the winter underground and only emerges in May, when it makes straight for the potato plants.

Both developed insect and larvæ live upon the leaves of the plant, the female laying as many as two hundred eggs in clutches of around twenty upon the underside of the leaves.

In an average summer three generations are hatched and come to maturity, a high degree of fecundity that results in 8,000,000 offspring from a single female in a single season. When it is remembered that the larvæ reach maturity and the reproductive stage very quickly, the reproductivity of these pests is seen to be as appalling as the fecundity of the locust. On the rare occasions when the Colorado beetle has been found in these islands, the source of origin has always been traced to a port trading with North America. For example, it was found in Liverpool in 1877 and traced to a ship bringing a cargo from Texas.

WARNING: A Tilbury allotment worker studying a coloured placard bearing a large-scale picture of a Colorado beetle at work

So grave a view was then taken of the menace that by Order in Council it was made illegal to possess or distribute the living beetle in any stage of its development. Western farmers, at the first sign of the menace, fight it with arsenic preparations.

There can be little doubt that the beetles found at Tilbury have come to us from America, It is equally sure that the most thorough measures will be taken to destroy these unwelcome migrants before they colonize on the new year's potato crops in the British Isles.

G. G.

PREVENTING THE SPREAD OF INFECTION: Workmen injecting carbon disulphide into infected ground at Tilbury

STUDIOS IN MONTMARTRE: The haunt of the less fortunate members of the artistic fraternity

OLD PARIS: The entrance to the Cour de Dragon in the picturesque Latin Quarter

# STUDIOLAND IN PARIS

The famous artists' quarter in Paris will be celebrating Christmas, and more especially New Year's Eve, with characteristic junketings. But the most outstanding occasion for Bohemian revelry in the year's calendar is undoubtedly "Varnishing Day." For some time before it arrives artists and students are in a state of alternating optimism and pessimism, for the "ticket" inviting them to put the finishing touches to their work means so much to most of them. And the postman's visits for weeks before the day arrives bring thrills of excitement to the occupants of the studios in the rue de la Grand Chaumière, the rue Campagne Première, and those of the Boulevard Raspail.

THE MODEL RESTS: Even those accustomed to it, find that sitting in one position for any length of time is particularly hard work

On the arrival of the "ticket" work is suspended for the day and, reckless to prodigality, artist and model sally forth to lunch at some restaurant and then stroll into the Luxembourg Gardens—if the sun shine, to spend the afternoon building castles in the air—or visit a cinema. In the evening a dinner, or a visit to the Gaieté Montparnasse with supper to follow.

There will be a bottle of good wine —in place of the vin ordinaire—and by the time the meal is finished the pair will be ready to foot it merrily amid the white-topped tables to the spirited orchestra, and not go home until the flush of a spring dawn is showing in the East.

They will have met their friends in the restaurant. They will have received congratulations—and have given them—for in Paris, at least, the part the model plays in the artist's success is generously acknowledged.

For a time their troubles—if they have any, and they are happy-go-lucky, feckless creatures most of them, these models and artists—seem to be at an end, and all this brought about by the little piece of pasteboard for the *vernissage* at the Grand Palais where the picture is hung in the Salon among three thousand others.

In the larger studios of the more noted artists there will be parties—gay affairs, unconventional, charming, and lengthy. The festivities will consist of music, dancing, a supper prepared by the models at which good wine and good fellowship will flow together. And the musicians of the party—there are always some of these —"will" (to quote from an old invitation) "discourse sweet sounds."

C. H.

AN ECHO FROM THE 'EIGHTIES: Dawn in the studio after an all-night celebration

# DECEMBER IN THE PROVINCES

LORD WALTER JOHN HERVEY taking part in Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson's shoot at Yattendon, Berkshire. A heavy fall of snow occurred during the day

A KISS OF COMMISERATION: Miss Mary Birkbeck, the two-year-old daughter of Colonel Oliver Birkbeck, Master of the West Norfolk pack, gives "Value" a kiss at the hunt kennels after the abandonment of a recent meet on account of frost

WINTER SPORT IN SOMERSET: Some of the hundreds of skaters who enjoyed a day on the ice on the lake at Midford, Bath, last week

THE CHALK CLIFF, NEAR PURFLEET, from which Queen Elizabeth is said to have watched her fleet in the Thames, is being cut away to make room for new buildings. This interesting geological formation is a result of a fold in the strata, which brings the chalk above the level of the rest of the river bank. Being hard the chalk has resisted erosion to an unusual extent

LAMBING IN THE WEST: These early arrivals made their appearance at the beginning of the month on Mr. Basil Fowler's farm near Barnstaple. Unusually severe frosts gave them a thoroughly unfriendly welcome

FROM "WHISTLING IN THE DARK" AT THE COMEDY: Joe Schultz (George Thorpe) orders Wallace Porter (Richard Bird), a writer of detective fiction, to plot a murder which will cast suspicion on nobody. He succeeds, but, at the risk of his life, manages to prevent his brilliant scheme being put into execution

JESSICA TANDY, who will be remembered for a delightful performance in *Children in Uniform*, has now joined the cast of *Ten Minute Alibi*, Anthony Armstrong's success at the Haymarket, which is now nearing its 400th performance. Above her is the clock which plays a vital part in the development of the plot

# PLAYS of the DAY

## Elisabeth Bergner Proves Herself the Outstanding Actress of Her Time in a Trivial Play at the Apollo

### By PHILIP PAGE

Does the present generation of theatre-goers in London fully realize what the coming of Elisabeth Bergner to the Apollo Theatre means? The importance of this visit of Elisabeth is, it is true, established in one peculiarly satisfactory way, for at every performance I understand that the theatre is full. But there is something beyond that.

As far as great actresses are concerned we have had either to subsist on tradition, hearsay, books of memoirs, and so forth (which means that we have not subsisted at all, and that Mrs. Siddons and Rachel really mean nothing whatever to us, since we never saw them), or to be satisfied with those who were past their prime—echoes of mighty reputations. For there are not many survivors who saw Bernhardt and Ellen Terry at their prime, or anywhere near their prime. It is not ungallant but just commonsense to dash aside the notion that there was any element of greatness in the late-in-life appearances of an elderly French lady with one leg, and an elderly, though supremely adorable English lady with no memory.

For that is what Bernhardt and Ellen Terry meant to all of us but the very venerable veterans. I have not forgotten Duse, nor would anyone but an ass deny her claim to immortality. She was among the giants. I only regret that to me she was but an ill (and at that moment, I fancy, also an ill-tempered) woman in a drab dress and a still drabber play, speaking in low and weary tones a language of which I can understand but a smattering. To many thousands of Londoners the magic name of Duse conveys that and nothing more; and I only hope they will be honest enough to admit it.

We, and I speak of all British theatre-goers between the ages of twenty and fifty, have been starved of any great acting by women. We have been through a sort of Buchan's cold spell, and it has been a long one. Good acting in plenty, yes. Brilliant comediennes, certainly. A good high level. Soundness in full measure. But the consummate art that hits one in the eye, as it were, with the certainty that it is perfection, that here indeed is genius—alas, no.

Elisabeth Bergner is therefore doubly welcome, both for what she is and for the moment of her arrival. I have not used the great names of the past by way of exact comparison. Only an intelligent septuagenarian could put the little Bergner side by side with Duse and Bernhardt and say for certain whether they are built of similar stuff; and he would have to be pretty intelligent to glean his points from such a play as *Escape Me Never!* in which she has elected to make her London debut. Yet nothing will alter my conviction that here we have the greatest actress of our generation. And we have her—she is, I gather, thirty something—at the right age, with her powers fully developed and the waning period very far distant.

Except that it gives Bergner a chance to dazzle us with a wide display of her amazing powers, *Escape Me Never!* is sorry stuff. So, too, it may be argued, were the Sardou dramas in which Bernhardt revelled; and no play can be dismissed as wholly worthless if it is an effective medium. But I would rate *Escape Me Never!* as lower than Sardou at his worst, for the Frenchman never forgot that it was a play that he was writing, and he never omitted to construct it carefully, giving some interdependent situations, a "peak" spot, and a reason for coming to an end.

This rambling sequel to the previous adventures of the famous Sanger family, with the most repellent member of it as protagonist, might have begun anywhere, have allowed its scenes to be changed round about a dozen times, and have ended after the first act (or after fourteen acts for that matter) without it being better or worse. With Bergner in it I could have wished it to last fifty acts, Sangers and all. Without her I could not have endured it for one. It is not a bad play in the sense that it is intolerable twaddle. It is just a rambling pageant of peevish and penniless Bohemianism which, of itself, could not fail to be tedious whether or no one admires that form of existence on the stage or off.

I have already indicated at justifiable length why *Escape Me Never!* is not tedious.

The story—Bergnerized, by the grace of God—is of a gloomy youth—Sebastian, who has strayed out of Bloomsbury and is seen in Venice. No smile ever lit up those features, perhaps because Bloomsbury was a long way off and perhaps because he was an unappreciated composer, though, from some specimens of his music introduced later, a long way off being a good or even a fair to middling one. There was, however, no mediocrity complex about Sebastian, for when at a rehearsal of a ballet of his which some benighted impresario had accepted, the name of Tchaikowsky was introduced, he became angrier than ever through the indignity of that composer's name being coupled with his own. No one was any more surprised when his ballet was a failure than when he said that the fault was not his but that of some of the dancers. So back he went to obscurity.

All the time he had been behaving in an equally objectionable fashion away from his music paper. He had made love to the fiancée of the brother (also gloomy, but a nicer man), on whom he had sponged for money. When the delicious, faithful little creature who was his mistress, lost her baby and was dazed with grief, he insulted her and told her to boil her face, or something

"WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS": Geoffrey Gomer who plays St. George in the Italia Conti production at the Holborn Empire

AGNES DE MILLE: A clever young American dancer whom Mr. Cochran presented in two successful recitals at the St. Martin's

IVY TRESMAND as Dick Whittington in the Christmas pantomime at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith. The cat on the left encloses the person of Len Domer

IN A CLASS APART: Elisabeth Bergner whose magnificent acting in the part of Gemma Jones in C. B. Cochran's production, *Escape Me Never!* is drawing all London to the Apollo

of the sort, and not come whining round him. When he received from his brother the hiding he deserved, she washed his wounds, hugged him, comforted him. And so the play ended. There are, of course, women like that, and several plays.

Mr. Hugh Sinclair played Sebastian very capably, if a little monotonously. The character is, however, consistently caddish. Mr. Leon Quartermaine, with nothing into which he could get his teeth, wore some cool-looking suits and disappeared from the play uncommonly early. He might, of course, have rejoined it at any time, and I wish that he had, for he is a good actor.

M. Komisarjevsky's production was all that was required and his railway-train, which we only heard, most realistically, was much more successful than his railway-train at the Duke of York's a few years ago; that train, I remember, belched clouds of smoke into the stalls and woke up quite a lot of people.

Unforgettable was Elisabeth Bergner. As Gemma, the strange waif, the mixture of common-sense and unthinking, undying love, she played on the audience as Kreisler or Menuhin on the violin.

She need not have come on in one scene eating an apple, apple-eating being the traditional mark of (a) a bad actress, (b) an actress pretending to be a boy, and (c) both. Also, when friends, with tears streaming down their cheeks, informed me that her acting reached its most exquisite point when her baby died in her arms, I replied with the unprintable versions of "Fudge!" and "Fiddlesticks!" Of course, she played this scene immaculately, as she played every scene. But the baby-dying business is "easy money," and I am sure she knows it. George Robey could reduce an audience to tears—real ones, and not tears of laughter—by nursing and murmuring appropriately over a supposedly moribund baby.

Elisabeth Bergner seems to me incapable of doing anything wrong. She acts with her whole body—a small, slender body, but oh, so vital—without being restless. She has humour, wistfulness, rage, and quiet strength. I repeat, the greatest actress of our generation.

## A Plea for Orchestras.—

The Apollo Theatre has an orchestra, small but efficient. I did not like those fragments of Sebastian Sanger's ballet music, but they were played extremely well. Mr. Cochran is to be congratulated on having stood out, in a theatre where music is wholly subordinate to the play, against the fashion of putting a mechanical contraption somewhere under the stage as a substitute for the orchestral instruments it strives so unsuccessfully to imitate.

I have never yet heard any device which could persuade even the least musical that they are listening to a real orchestra. Gramophone "understudies" in theatres are at best negligible (except when a record of the National Anthem is clapped on and they at once become ludicrous) and at worst intolerable.

If in theatres where non-musical plays are being performed economy has to be preserved, let there be no music at all rather than this woolly, scrawning travesty of it. To "pot" important incidental music, as was done with Mr. Norman O'Neill's fine contribution to the ill-fated *Acropolis*, is a grave error of taste. Surely every theatre should have a small orchestra, even if it is only a couple of fiddles and a piano. It adds to the theatrical atmosphere, and the theatre should be theatrical. Who of us who love the theatre does not even now react to the pleasant sense of anticipation engendered by that "tuning-up" before the curtain rises?

## SHOWS TO SEE

ADELPHI: Charles B. Cochran's *Nymph Errant*, with Gertrude Lawrence.
AMBASSADORS: Cyril Maude in *Cabbages and Kings*.
APOLLO: Elisabeth Bergner in *Escape Me Never!*
CRITERION: Ivor Novello's *Fresh Fields*.
DALY'S: Peter Haddon presents George Gee in *That's a Pretty Thing*.
DUKE OF YORK'S: *The Rose Without a Thorn*.
HAYMARKET: Robert Douglas and Jessica Tandy in *Ten Minute Alibi*.
HIPPODROME: *Give Me a Ring*.
HIS MAJESTY'S: *Music in the Air*.
PICCADILLY: A *Sleeping Clergyman*.
ST. MARTIN'S: *The Wind and the Rain*.

A NEW COMEDY AT THE QUEEN'S: Two scenes from H. M. Harwood's *The Old Folks at Home*. *Left*—Arthur Pusey as David Remington and Margaret Rawlings as Liza Kingdom discuss the purposelessness of their generation. *Right*—Margaret Rawlings in a delightful evening creation of white cabossol

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME"

Lady Jane Kingdom (Marie Tempest) introduces Douglas Wilton (Frank Allenby) to the Professor (W. Graham Browne)

# BOOKS: By CECIL ROBERTS

## "Nazi Germany Means War"—Mr. Leland Stowe's Revealing Book: Sir James Lacaita—An Italian Who Became an Englishman: An Excellent Memoir of Henry Scott Tuke

If you wish to spend a really uncomfortable Christmas I can heartily recommend a book that will fill you with foreboding. After reading **Mr. Leland Stowe's** book, **Nazi Germany Means War (Faber and Faber. 2s. 6d.)**, I felt like selling all I had, putting it into a handbag, which would be quite large enough, and taking the first ship for Bali, the South Seas, or any other spot where the beachcomber goes to forget the worries of life and the basic insanity of the human race. I am afraid this is one of those books which must be read. It would be dishonest to shirk it, just as the British Government is being dishonest in shirking the expression of its opinion when France asks us what we are prepared to do about the re-armament of Germany. All our politicians are hoping something will turn up. According to Mr. Leland Stowe it certainly will, and in a form and with a suddenness that will prove extremely unpleasant.

I would like to disagree with every one of Mr. Stowe's statements. I would like to think that Herr Hitler is a harmless fanatic, that the Brown Shirts march about for the mere love of marching, and that German heel-clicking is only another form of the German's love of music. But there is no escaping Mr. Stowe's steady logic. He does not depend on his own views, he quotes the Nazis out of their own mouths, and then he tells, without any exaggeration, the cold facts of the passionate impulse of Germany to-day for war—war as quickly and ruthlessly as possible.

Herr Hitler has indulged in several peace speeches. Quite frankly Mr. Stowe tells us he does not believe a word of them. He quotes other speeches, made through the years by Hitler, which can mean only one thing—war. The inculcation of the war mind, says Mr. Stowe, has been worked out to the smallest detail. Even the radio in the intervals between the programme has three notes which are the refrain of a song, "People—to arms!" The so-called Labour Corps, which trains some quarter of a million young men, has for its text-book a practical hand-book for infantry training, and so much stress is placed upon the training and hardening of Germany's intellectuals that young German diplomats have recently been ordered to serve their time with these corps.

"Psychologically, spiritually, and physically the Nazi dictatorship is designed, *par excellence*, to create a nation of warriors and a civilian population trained to follow blindly in their wake. What kind of State must inevitably evolve from 1,300,000 uniformed and highly-drilled men? From 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 Hitler Jugend, ardent and patriotic boys and girls, who are being preached the glories of war? From college graduates skilled in infantry drills, in military science, and the newest devices in gas bombs?" Sixty-five millions are being told that their lives belong to the State, that the State has a perfect right to do what it wishes with their lives. "The Hitler movement has increased inestimably the probability of another war in Europe at any time in the next ten or fifteen years. Foreign observers within Germany," says Mr. Stowe, "are unanimous in their conviction that the present policy cannot fail to precipitate another European catastrophe."

Who is Mr. Leland Stowe? This report is written within one month of his presence in Germany. He is a highly-trained observer, an American journalist who, as a non-European, has no prejudices, and no axe to grind. At present he is the Paris representative of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, and for seven years he has been reporting European affairs, having gained the Pulitzer prize in 1930 for the reliability of his reports. His book is a grim, business-like piece of work. He never trusts hearsay. He is not an alarmist. But the result is alarming. No wonder the French nation declines to discuss equality of armament with Germany; no wonder she watches with pained amazement England's disinclination to shoulder its obligations under the Treaty. It is not a little singular that while this country is indulging in a sentimental bath of pacifism, Germany has returned with increased enthusiasm to the doctrine of militarism that led to Europe's blood bath in 1914. I could wish this book were not so terrifyingly true. Were 5,000,000 lives sacrificed on the altar of Moloch for nothing?

MR. LELAND STOWE, author of *Nazi Germany Means War*—a new Faber and Faber publication. Mr. Stowe is Paris correspondent of the *New York Herald-Tribune* and President of the Anglo-American Press Association of Paris

Sir James Lacaita, who died in 1895, **An Italian Englishman (Grant Richards. 15s.)**, was one of those extraordinary foreigners who have a talent for living in the houses of the British aristocracy, of knowing everyone, of carrying tittle-tattle across Europe, of performing minor diplomatic tasks without any strictly-defined status, for being, in general, an amiable companion, well-meaning, and determined to make himself useful. He was an Italian who became an Englishman, which did not prevent his being a Senator of the Kingdom of Italy. He made the best of both diplomatic worlds, and lived at a time when Italian affairs were turbulent and full of surprises. His diaries must not be taken too seriously. He loved to record what King B, Prince C, the Duke of D, or Lord T told him just after dinner. He had the ear of great ladies. He was alert, handsome, sympathetic, and polished in style. No man ever had a better time, I should think. The aristocracy of England seems to have competed for him as a guest, not for week-ends but for months. He was an able match-maker. He united two great families, the Visconti Venosta and the Alfieri. After this success he turned to the English end, and matched Hannah Rothschild with Lord Rosebery. Both his matches were highly successful.

Nice things happened to him. Lady Murray left him £2,000, as a mark of esteem; the Queen knighted him, as a mark of esteem; he was elected a Senator, as a mark of esteem. We are told he went out so much because he could not read at night with the bad light of the times. To-day he would have been a wireless fan. Or would he? Perhaps not. He loved dinner-parties and drawing-room gossip.

He was loved by a host of friends who found him sympathetic and intelligent and not self-seeking. The result was that he was always overhearing things and many of these things cannot fail to interest the present-day reader, although he can accept them only as gossip. There is, for instance, Lord Lansdowne's outburst on Nelson in Naples. "My father was so indignant about it that he would never see Lord Nelson again . . . He was as vain as a peacock and very coarse in his language. He was constantly damning everything and everybody. From the moment he became acquainted with Lady Hamilton, he deserted his poor wife, who was a quite excellent woman." Lacaita often expressed his astonishment at the condition of the English slums. He records a visit to Victoria Park. "I was struck by the smallness of the people, their stunted appearance, and their utter want of beauty. It was as ugly a mass as I ever saw in any Capital, indeed more strikingly so. What a contrast to the appearance of the upper classes living in the West End! And all those long streets and narrow lanes through which one has to drive for miles beyond St. Paul's, what a miserable sight they are! Such an appearance of dirt, destitution, and sickness. What a curse a large Capital is, where a few thousands live in excessive opulence, and millions lead a life of privation and wretchedness." The champagne at noblemen's tables had not drugged his conscience. But almost the next day he is dining with a Duke, and telling us that Count Pahlen had a horror of cats.

Lord Lansdowne had a horror of Prince Albert's taste. He liked the man, but the things he changed in Buckingham Palace filled him with despair. The portraits were all taken out of their beautiful old frames and put into new ones, all of the same pattern. "I expressed my horror to the keeper and he answered that he tried, but in vain, to prevent the vandalic act." This volume is somewhat belated because Sir James' son, who prepared it, was killed in the War, and it fell to the granddaughter to finish it. The task has been excellently done, and the result is a most enjoyable picture of minor diplomacy in the nineteenth century.

SIR JAMES LACAITA AS A YOUNG MAN: His biography has been written by his son, the late Charles Lacaita, and published by Messrs. Grant Richards under the title of *An Italian Englishman*

Henry Scott Tuke, R.A., rarely failed to hang on the walls of the Royal Academy the study of a boy bathing. It always seemed the same boy, turned about, bathing in the same sea, off the same rock, viewed from a different angle, in the same weather. Other R.A.'s have suffered from a sheep-fixation, a weakness for snowdrifts, or meandering cows. Yet there was much more in Tuke than a passion for nudism and callipygianism. He was a good portrait painter, he knew and loved ships. In **Henry Scott Tuke (Secker. 12s. 6d.)** his sister, **Mrs. Sainsbury,** has given us an excellent memoir. Tuke was fortunate as an artist. His progress was steady and never checked. He led a pleasant life, never touched by financial care, and he had the strength of will to follow his own pleasures and mode of life. His father was an eminent alienist, and after early life in London young Tuke went to Italy; to Paris, where he studied in an atelier; to Newlyn, then the scene of a flourishing school of marine painters, and finally settled near Falmouth, the scene of much of his work and of his favourite pastime, boat-sailing.

He was a cousin of Wilfrid Meynell, and his interests therefore touched literary circles as well as artistic. Samuel Butler, who emerges queerly in these pages, J. A. Symonds, and Horatio Brown were among his friends, but mostly he loved to go travelling in the Mediterranean lands with some chosen companion. Even he confessed, "I am almost tired of painting the same boy," but it was the line in which he had established himself and he was rarely allowed to depart from it. Once he was commissioned by Ranji to do a portrait, and greatly enjoyed the experience of staying in the large country house which the Prince had rented and filled with famous cricketers. At the close of this record one can only exclaim, "What a pleasant life!" He lived in the sun, travelled at leisure, and was never without pleasant companions. He had just enough genius to give his work a vogue, and not enough to make him the slave of his art.

The author of **Jim McWhirter (Daniel. 7s. 6d.)** leads his reader to expect an autobiographical novel. **Mr. W. P. Knowles** begins well with the life of a Canadian-born boy who goes to sea. Later he becomes a clerk in a cotton business and then embarks for Canada. Then back to Manchester, with episodes of the War, marriage, children. All these things would provide material enough for half-a-dozen novels, but Mr. Knowles only wants his McWhirter as a propagandist for certain New Life principles. It is with the reformer that the author becomes enthusiastic, and a most astonishing reformer he is. The Utopia into which we get a glimpse promises us a cloying perfection. Much of it, frankly, leaves me dizzy and quite unattracted. What with the endocrine glands and glandular exercises, and the discovery of the Entity or Ego residing in the fifth chamber at the back of the heart, and the frightful threat that in ten years from now we shall be able to see everybody who has been on this earth and has been waiting to come, I feel glad I shall not live in that future where nobody, it seems, will know how to die. Mr. Knowles has it all worked out, via McWhirter in *The New Plan*. In this Utopia ordinary people seem to have no chance of existence. Everybody is beautiful, every brain is clear, and every criminal has glandular treatment. Here is a journey into the future as ambitious as any taken by Verne or Wells. It is all described with almost missionary zeal and carries the reader along.

When you have read **Mr. H. Warner Allen's** book, **Sherry (Constable. 5s.)**, you will realize that a glass of sherry is much more than a mere glass of sherry. How much history and folk-lore hide behind the name of the wine, now coming into favour again with the passing of that bastard drink, the cocktail. Mr. Allen takes us to the Jerez vineyards and initiates us into the mysteries of the vine, growing on its powdery white soil, where the huge bunches of white grapes are in such contrast to the sterility of the landscape. At the end of a most interesting discourse Mr. Allen rightly corrects Mr. Chesterton, who should have written:—

Cocktail is a cad and coward,
Cocktail is a vulgar beast,
Cocktail is a dull, disloyal,
Lying, crawling, cad and clown,
And may very well be grateful
To the fool who takes him down.

At least that's how it seems to a sherry drinker, who has history, from Chaucer down, on his side.

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On page 494 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

From Generation to Generation —
Dewar's

# TYPES FROM INDIA'S NORTHERN PROVINCES

A NATIVE SOLDIER

This sepoy of the Bombay Grenadiers comes from Eastern Punjab. He is a Hindu

JEMADAR OF THE BOMBAY GRENADIERS: This man, who was adjutant to his regiment when this drawing was made, belongs to the lowest Indian commissioned rank

## Leaves from an Artist's Sketch Book

These sketches by Miss M. Sherlock were made during a recent visit to India, when the artist had the opportunity of meeting and studying the diverse types from the Northern Provinces

NATIVE POLICEMAN

A guardian of the Malakand district, North West India. He is a Muhammadan and belongs to a force which was organized after the Afghan War

She is wearing a gold head-dress and beads and a black velvet blouse and printed cotton skirt of the kind generally worn by women of her race. She has the caste mark between the eyes

A GURKHA WOMAN

# THE ROYAL SCOT'S TRIUMPHAL TOUR

## 11,194 Miles Through North America

A Royal message of congratulation and a Government welcome from the President of the Board of Trade greeted the Royal Scot on her return to Euston last week, and provided a fitting climax to a remarkable tour of Canada and the United States.

On April 11, the train left Tilbury Docks for Montreal on the S.S. *Beaverdale*, and on April 21, after a successful passage, she was assembled at the Angus shops of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Having run her initial trials successfully and attained a speed of 75 m.p.h., she was placed on exhibition at Windsor Station, Montreal. Over 18,500 people viewed her there, and thousands more lined the track as she began her pre-exposition tour of 2,300 miles. All along the route the little wayside stations were crowded to witness the spectacle of a British train rushing over Canadian soil, and at many points schools were given half-holidays to enable the boys to make a thorough inspection. On May 4, 10 000 people waited in the pouring rain to see her at Niagara Falls Station, while 82,770 saw her in New York alone. Everywhere enthusiasm was tremendous. On May 24 the Royal Scot left Cincinnati and journeyed the 303 miles to the Century of Progress Fair at Chicago. During her stay there over 2,000,000 people viewed her, and there is no doubt that she was the principal attraction among visitors. It was originally arranged that the train should return to this country immediately after the fair, but an enthusiastic public would not have it so. In consequence an extensive post-exposition tour of 7,500 miles was arranged.

Accordingly the train left on her transcontinental journey to the Pacific coast on October 11. At Bloomington, Illinois, she passed over half a mile of track lined with coins, which doubtless have since become cherished souvenirs among the thousands of children who turned out to greet her.

From here she journeyed to Springfield, St. Louis, Kansas City, Topeka, and Denver, and astounded American railroad men by climbing 6,100 ft. over the Colorado Mountains without a pilot engine.

It is not possible to relate here the whole triumphal journey of the train. Everywhere enthusiasm was the same. Distinguished members of the Hollywood film colony awaited her at Los Angeles, and at Revelstoke, a tiny hamlet in British Columbia, the hours of the church services were altered so that the people might have a chance of seeing her pass. In the Canadian Rockies she put up another fine performance when she hauled the train unaided over the steep mountain gradients to a height of 5,600 ft.

On the last lap she passed through Calgary, Regina, and Winnipeg, and then, entering American territory again, made for Montreal via Chicago, Detroit, and Toronto. She finished the tour on Armistice Day, having completed 11,194 miles since her departure earlier in the year. From start to finish the tour was an outstanding success and, in addition to the evidence which it has afforded of the train's adaptability, has clearly played its part in the further strengthening of Anglo-American and inter-Imperial relations.

A HIGHLAND GREETING FOR THE ROYAL SCOT: Pipers playing the famous train into Euston Station as she completed her first journey on home rails since her return from a successful tour of Canada and America. The bell and the large headlamp over the engine's smoke box are souvenirs of the trip

SOME OF THE 34,000 PEOPLE WHO INSPECTED THE NEW MERSEY TUNNEL when it was opened to the public this week. Each person was charged 6d. and the proceeds (over £800) are being used to provide Christmas fare for the needy. The tunnel, which is over two miles long and connects Liverpool and Birkenhead, is to be opened for vehicular traffic next July

THE PRINCE AT CATTERICK CAMP: H.R.H. chatting with families of the officers and men of the 2nd Battalion the Royal Scots Fusiliers. The Prince had a very busy pre-Christmas week in the North

GOLFING FACILITIES: One of the greens on Estoril's attractive nine-hole course. It can be seen that it is quite near the hotels

# ESTORIL: The Winter Playground

## Where the Atmosphere is Clear, the Air is Bracing, Sunshine is Abundant, and Life in the Open Always Inviting . . . Historic Cintra

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

Rather more than half-way down the coast of Portugal, just after rounding Cape Roca, you come upon the wide mouth of the Tagus, almost across which stretches a bar of gleaming sand, and directly facing this to the north, backed by rising ground and by distant high hills strung around the curve of a fine bay, lies Estoril: its white-walled, red-tiled buildings embowered in a wealth of green and forming in the brilliant sunshine, with its sand-fringed shore and the blue sea—studded with the brown-sailed boats of fishermen—which laves it, a picture of perfect beauty.

Estoril owes its splendid climate to its sheltered situation, facing south, and the most westerly point in Portugal. It is entirely under the influence of the genial Atlantic gulf stream, which gives it the temperature of spring in mid-winter with a very small daily range, and makes it at that season of the year one of Europe's finest playgrounds. The atmosphere is clear, the air is bracing, sunshine abundant, and life in the open particularly inviting.

Provision for the more popular forms of sport is on a liberal scale. There are several excellent tennis courts, a nine-hole golf course, charmingly situated, quite near to Estoril, with glorious views of sea and country, and there are facilities for riding and for polo. Fine motor roads connect Estoril with Lisbon and Cintra, the latter winding its way through forests of pine and eucalyptus, affording delightful and ever-changing glimpses of the Atlantic coast and passing through the village of Solares, famed for its fruit and wines. There are shady walks amidst pleasant groves for those who prefer to take their exercise thus, and during the warmest hours of the day sun and sea bathing are possible on a perfect beach.

Estoril is very modern, and its lay-out is in that form which makes a strong appeal to the generation of to-day. Houses are scattered and with tasteful gardens, and there are wide open spaces giving plenty of view, and air, and sunshine. Hotels are situated in attractive spots, particularly the Estoril-Palacio, a magnificent building, in every manner thoroughly up to date, and which stands in its own well-kept grounds facing the beautiful Estoril Park, and commanding a good view of the bay. Near by is the Estoril Spa, where the minero-medicinal waters of Estoril, held by authorities on this subject to be very radio-active, are utilized to the fullest extent by the most modern methods of hydrotherapy and physiotherapy, and by massage. Medical gymnastics are practised under expert direction, and physical culture; whilst attached to the spa there is a fine swimming-pool, open throughout the year, with water heated to a pleasant temperature, and where there are swimming courses directed by an expert swimming instructor.

A prominent and very pleasing feature of Estoril is its park, laid out very charmingly, with avenues of palms, well-kept lawns, and highly decorative beds of flowers. Flanking it, near the sea end, are spacious arcades which form the fashionable shopping centre of Estoril, and here also are postal and telegraph offices, branch offices of banks, and an official tourist information bureau. Within the park there is a well-appointed casino of modern design, where, in addition to the gaming saloons authorized by the Portuguese Government where roulette and baccarat are played, there are a theatre, cinema, ballroom, an American bar, and a restaurant, and from time to time artistic fêtes are held.

ESTORIL: A view of the well-laid out Park and the fine sweep of the Bay of Cascaes

Another Estoril attraction is Tamaris, with its charming esplanade and fine pavilion overlooking the beach, a favourite meeting-place for coffee or a cocktail, and it is necessary to add that Lisbon, one of the most interesting cities in Europe, with public gardens and an avenue—Avenida da Liberdade—which have few rivals, is but fifteen miles distant, and is connected with Estoril by an excellent service of electric trains.

Other excursions from Estoril are to the well-known "Boca do Inferno," which lies about a mile to the south-west of the Bay of Cascaes and where the sea rushes into a cave with a roar like thunder; to Cape Roca; to the old fort at Caxias; to St. Amaro de Oeiras, where is situated the magnificent château of the Marquis de Pombal; to the pleasant little seaside town of Paço d'Arcos; and to Cintra, nine miles distant. Here, on the crest of a rugged mountain mass, thickly clothed with trees of eucalyptus, cork, and pine, and from which the view of the distant Atlantic and the surrounding fertile country is magnificent, is the summer residence of the late Kings of Portugal, built on the site of a convent founded in 1503 by King Manuel I to commemorate the vigil he kept on this spot when awaiting the return of the fleet of Vasco da Gama from the East.

It is a fantastic imitation of a medieval fortress, and from a distance, seen amongst the trees, it might well be an enchanted castle from the pages of a Hans Andersen's fairy tale. Just below it are the ruins of a Moorish castle, adding greatly to the picturesqueness of the view, and in the town of Cintra, on the lower slopes, where the Convention of Cintra was signed in 1808, there is a fourteenth - fifteenth century, half-Moorish, half-Gothic royal palace which has a great historic interest.

Buildings of note near Cintra are the Penha Verde, a country house and chapel founded by Dom Joao de Castro, fourth Viceroy of India, in the middle sixteenth century, and the palace and park of Montserrate, which was built by that eccentric person known as "Fonthill" Beckford, the author of *Vathek*. It was purchased later by Sir Francis Cook, who lived there and obtained the Portuguese title of Viscount of Montserrate. It adds considerably to the pleasure of a stay at Estoril that Cintra, where there is so much to see of interest and of beauty, should be so near at hand.

FROM THE AIR: In the centre, and facing the park, is the Estoril-Palacio Hotel, to the left the Spa, and on the right the arcades

# IN and AROUND LONDON

IN SOUTHWELL MINSTER: The players from Gate Burton, Lincolnshire, rehearsing a scene in the pageant of the Holy Nativity which they gave in the Minster during last week-end

PICTURES FOR THE NATION: Inspecting some of the seventeen paintings which Mr. Cornelius Frank Stoop, the noted collector of modern art who died a few weeks ago, has bequeathed to the Tate Gallery

SIR ROBERT HORNE AND MLLE. BERNHEIM at the Anglo-French luncheon at the Hotel Victoria. Sir Robert presided

MR. JAMES FARLEY, the U.S. Postmaster-General, who visited London to study more economic methods for New York

RIKUHEI UMEMOTO, a Japanese dancing expert who is now on a visit to London, giving an exhibition of classical dances during his lecture at the Hotel Victoria last week

A STRANGE OCCUPATION IN THE HEART OF LONDON: The caretaker of the Leicester Square Gardens who walks round with a rattle every evening to prevent the starlings from roosting

THE FOREIGN PRESS ASSOCIATION LUNCHEON AT THE SAVOY: H.E. the Swiss Minister (left) chatting with Captain Eden, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs

THE SPORT OF THE MOMENT: Miss Peta Davis (centre) watching the skaters at last week's gala night at the Westminster Ice Rink

A STAR FROM BOSTON: Miss Maribel Vinson, the American lady figure-skating champion, taking a turn on the ice at Wimbledon

THEIR FIRST VISIT TO LONDON: Mariane and Roberts, from the Berlin Winter Garden Theatre, who are appearing in Romano's Christmas cabaret

# BALANCED SIMPLICITY OF LINE IN CONTEMPORARY SILVER AND TABLE WARE

Originality of conception and meticulous honesty of execution characterize this exquisite silver cigar lighter and ash tray. The work of Georg Jensen, the famous Danish sculptor and silversmith, they have the beautiful dull finish and colour that he alone can produce. In his salons at 15b, New Bond Street, W., there may be seen a collection of silver, all bearing his personal "signature" stamp and all proving that articles of everyday use may incorporate the highest ideals of beauty and craftsmanship. All his work has a utilitarian purpose, and it is being acquired by collectors of note all over the world

Few indeed are the people who fail to give unstinted praise to Georg Jensen's work. And practically all of them follow it up by suggesting that such silver must inevitably be very expensive. Were his productions limited to his own individual capacity it would be so, but he has gathered round him a body of artists and craftsmen trained and working under his close personal supervision. The pyramid design table silver shown on the left is an excellent example of the success of this plan. The beautiful grape-fruit spoon, for instance, costs 11s. There is a complete range of this silver, which accords perfectly with contemporary schemes of interior decoration

O O

There is a growing feeling for the return of table-cloths. Gradually, for formal occasions, they are displacing mats, though these are likely to retain their place in the accepted scheme of things when informal entertaining is the order of the day. An exceptionally fine Point de Venise dinner cloth is shown on the left below. Beautifully designed, it comes from Robinson and Cleaver, of Regent Street, W., measures two yards by three yards and, with twelve napkins to match, costs fifty guineas. Deep coloured glass would look well against its creamy surface—Venetian red or clear jade green—with matching, lacquered dessert knives and forks

Modern china depends to so large an extent on the beauty of its colouring that photographs in no way do it justice. The dinner service on right is of Spode china and comes from Hampton's, of Pall Mall East, London, S.W. For twelve people it costs £10 7s. 6d. Bands of jade green and platinum, applied by hand on the potter's wheel, stand out against the warm honey-coloured glaze and provide a wholly satisfying combination the effect of which is heightened by the utter simplicity of the lines of the dishes

PACKED IN BOXES OF

200-10/-

150, 100, 50

7/6 5/- 2/6

Alongside are shown the "200" and "50" Boxes. The "150" and "100" are exactly the same in style and appearance.

The Craven "A" Christmas Packings in all sizes have an outer wrapper of moisture-proof "Cellophane".

# Craven "A" in Christmas Packings-a happy Gift

Send or give Craven "A" in the cheery, seasonable, red-and-gold packings. Conveniently arranged for immediate presentation and sturdy to withstand transit by post. There are four sizes—"50" (2/6), "100" (5/-), "150" (7/6), and "200" (10/-), and it will be difficult to better any one of these as a pleasing, inexpensive "thought" for Christmas.

It is probable no other Cigarette has ever received such individual and collective endorsement as Craven "A" records reveal; (certainly no Cigarette was ever made with greater care, or under more ideal conditions). Your friends — you too — will appreciate the coolness, smoothness and the satisfying flavour of Craven "A" — kindly to the throat.

*The smallest photograph shows the reverse side of the "50" box. In the space provided you can add your name to make the Gift complete in itself. The "100", "150" and "200" boxes are packed and wrapped in the same convenient way.*

# CRAVEN "A"

*Made specially to prevent sore throats*

C.A. 30

# HOLLYWOOD FACES THE SLUMP

*(Continued from p. 476)*

The latest news from Hollywood is that Deputy Sol Rosenblatt, who has drifted into the position of key-man in the dispute, is arguing whether such salary control can be legally justifiable. Marie Dressler and Eddie Cantor have been appointed to a board which is to supervise conditions in the film industry.

That is the position to-day, but it must be considered together with the fact that the depression has evolved a new Hollywood, a more sober, a more serious city, forced from its trouble-free detachment to the realization that the motion picture business must take its place with other industries, unprotected by any special privilege from the stress of modern conditions.

At present, Jackie Cooper is earning more than President Roosevelt. Mae West would lose money every week if she entered the White House. Is this a state of affairs which can possibly last? The advocates of the National Recovery Act say that such contrasts are ridiculous and must be ended.

The stars consider that salaries cannot be controlled; that it is an economic impossibility to set a limit on a player's earnings, if the player's work still brings back money to the studios.

And there seems to be a deadlock.

## THE CHILDREN'S REVUE

### A Novel Production in Aid of Charity

The Children's Revue which is being given this week at the Grafton Theatre, near Maples, is as near being a complete novelty as anything the world of the theatre has done recently. All the performers, except three musicians, are under 14, as are all the members of the Playroom Theatre Club which presents it. No adult is admitted unless accompanied by a child; only children are allowed in the best seats. The profits from the various performances are being devoted exclusively to the Hospital for Sick Children. Susan Salaman is the club's producer and Tatiana Riabouchinska, who danced the part of the child in "Jeux d'Enfants" in the Russian Ballet at the Alhambra this summer, is the honorary president.

## WATERMAN'S COMPANION SET

A set of so novel a character will surely find a warm welcome from any and every recipient. We are informed that when it was shown to Mr. J. B. Priestley he at once gave permission for it to be named "The Good Companions." It comprises pen, pencil, and a safety container with a supply of Waterman's ink. The pen and pencil are in exquisite blendings of green and gold, crimson and gold, and the ever popular jet. The set, with everything to match, is put up in a neat and attractive case for presentation, and costs only 30s. complete. This is just one example from a wide range of Waterman's pens, pencils, writing sets, and desk stands which may be seen at stationers and jewellers everywhere. The Waterman products are all fully guaranteed by the makers.

"THE GOOD COMPANIONS": A popular Christmas gift line by Waterman's

## "THE LORD TEMPLETOWN"

### The Largest Barque Ever Built

*The Lord Templetown*, 2,093 tons register, built by Harland and Wolff in 1886, was the largest barque ever constructed. She carried 3,900 tons of cargo, and in order to spread the necessary amount of canvas she was heavily sparred and very lofty. Her main truck was 186 ft. above the deck, and her main yard weighed six tons.

I joined her on her maiden voyage as an apprentice and spent five happy years in her. In 1888 I started a model of the ship showing her under full sail in a fresh breeze. My shipmates said this could not be done excepting as a half model, but she was completed in two-and-a-half years. The sails were carved out of solid wood to the correct shape, and I believe there is no similar model under sailing conditions in any museum in the world.

*The Lord Templetown* made many good passages. One in particular stands out in my memory on account of thrilling episodes. We left Calcutta for San Francisco with a cargo of grain bags in April, 1888, viâ Malacca Straits—a route which, though much shorter, was seldom taken by large sailing ships on account of its intricate navigation, calms, and the danger of typhoons. The usual course was west and south of Australia and round New Zealand.

During the frequent calms in the Straits we anchored with a kedge, and the crew and all idlers except the cook were on constant watch day and night, getting sleep on deck when they could. When anchored off The Brothers the captain sent a boat away to get a pilot from the shore. We left at noon and, after three hours' rowing under a scorching equatorial sun, grounded on a sandbank still a long way from the shore. We jumped out and pushed the lightened boat. To our horror we were soon surrounded by dozens of huge water snakes; they were black, ringed with yellow or red, and up to 15 ft. in length. Every time they came too close we tumbled into the boat. Water-spouts began to form all round us, adding to our danger. Eventually we found a deep channel to the shore.

Upon leaving the Straits after great labour we were rejoiced by the south-west monsoon, which carried us through the China Sea. When east of Formosa we were further assisted by the Kuri Siwa current which was favourable to us almost across the Pacific. We reached San Francisco in seventy-nine days—a record.

Commander H. Wilkes

A MODEL OF "THE LORD TEMPLETOWN" under full sail. She was constructed by the writer of the above note

# TRAVEL THAT REPAYS.

A world-traveller, lately home from a first visit to South Africa, observes in pleasant reminiscence that Africa was the first Continent to figure in history but the last Continent to be explored.

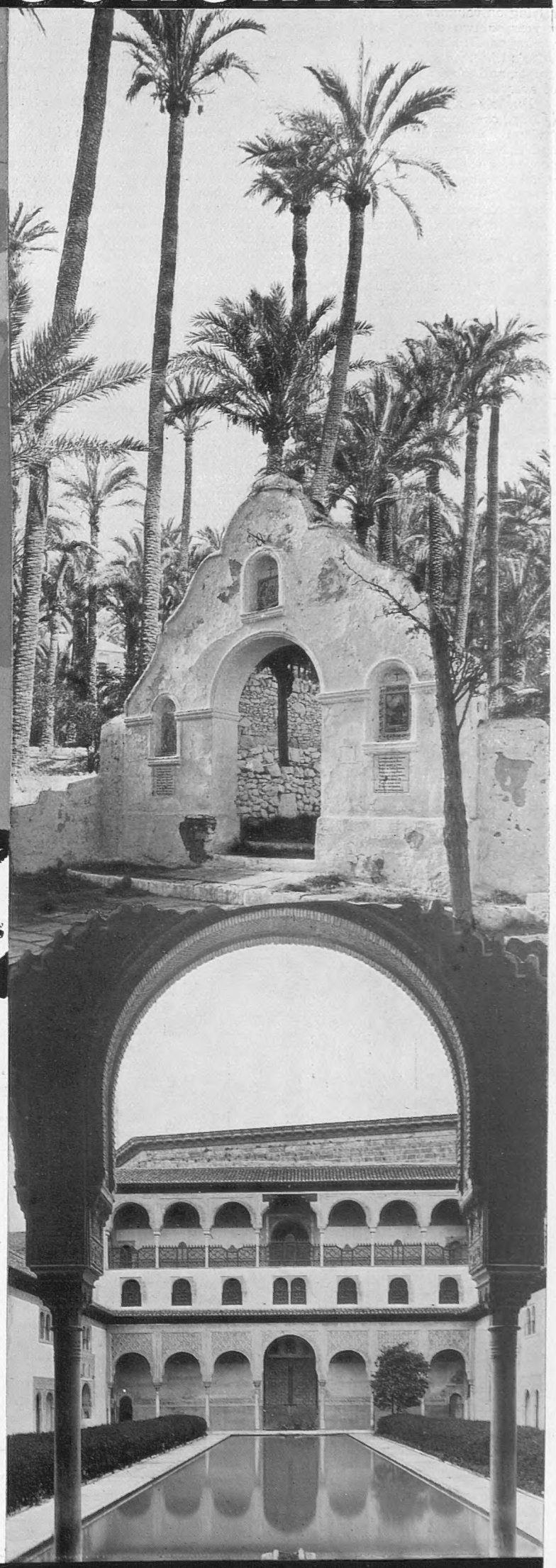
What an inviting line of thought for your travels this Winter!

South Africa, Land of Sunshine, linked with Biblical lore—the Phœnicians, the Pharaohs, King Solomon and Sheba's Queen, the Ptolemys, Antony and Cleopatra; the land of Prester John, of Diaz and da Gama, and, further down the centuries, the land of Livingstone and Stanley, of Kruger and Rhodes.

*There* is a background for travel—a realm of romance to which the Travel Organization of the South African Government in London can guide you with a minimum of effort and cost, and the maximum of comfort.

How we can do this is told in our little Handbook "The Sign of the Springbok" (A.X.). A copy will be mailed *gratis* immediately on request to The Director of Publicity, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. ('Phone: Whitehall 4488.)

# STEP INTO SUNSHINE !..



With modern travelling facilities, Spain is almost next door — but the change in atmosphere is so great that stepping into the sunshine of Spain is like entering a new land — a land of age-old charm and yet which meets all modern touristic needs.

For information, inquire at all good tourist agencies or write to :

**PATRONATO NACIONAL DEL TURISMO**

Madrid : Medinaceli 2

Paris : 12 Bd. de la Madeleine

# SPAIN PROGRESSES- *but Keeps its charm !*

# THE GREAT REFERENCE BOOKS

## Important Facts Relating to Important Figures

No library or office is complete without its works of reference, and many have found to their cost the false economy of relying on volumes that are a year or two old. Such works as *Burke's Peerage*, *Whitaker's Almanack*, *Who's Who*, etc., help us to keep pace with the march of events, and to answer in a minute innumerable questions of everyday importance.

*Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage* (£5 5s.) contains the histories of all the noble families, giving their places of residence, their armorial bearings, and practically every significant fact about them. Of particular value is the table of precedence, by means of which any member of the aristocracy can be turned up at a glance, while at the beginning of the volume a list of new peerages and baronetcies, and an obituary of the past year, keep the volume right up to date. This, the ninety-second edition, contains over 3,000 pages, and it is a matter for wonderment that a work crowded with so much historic information should be published at such a comparatively moderate price.

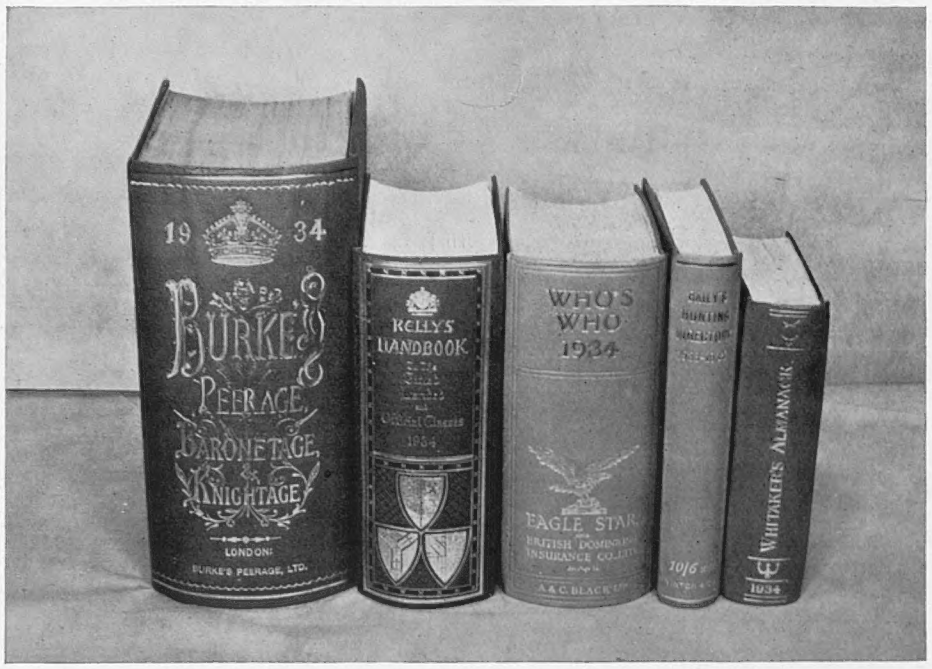
### "Who's Who"

*Who's Who* (A. and C. Black, Ltd., £3) is probably the most sought after of all current reference works, containing, as it does, the name of every person who has achieved distinction in business or in public life. These condensed biographies are amazingly accurate, and make extraordinarily interesting reading.

There are several notable additions this year. The American Ambassador, the new Lord Mayor of London, and others who have come into the limelight of recent months are now included, and serve to bring the volume right up to date. For the office, the library, and the home the latest edition of *Who's Who* is a necessity of the first importance.

### "Whitaker's"

There is probably no single volume so full of useful and interesting information on such a diversity of subjects as *Whitaker's Almanack*. It was founded in 1868 by the late Joseph Whitaker, and to-day is regarded as the most authoritative work of its kind. Who are the various British Ambassadors abroad? Who is the member for such and such a constituency? What papers are published in South Africa? How does one identify hall marks on plate? Who held the World Middle Weight Boxing Championship in 1933? What is the population of Oldham? Who is the Premier of Western Australia? and who is the President of Lithuania? All these questions, any one of which might arise during the ordinary course of conversation, are answered in Whitaker, while an excellent Index, containing 25,000 references, allows of any subject being looked up in a few seconds. The 700-page edition in orange cover is published at 3s., and the red and green cloth edition at 6s.




FOR EVERY BOOKSHELF: "Burke's," "Kelly's Handbook," "Who's Who," "Baily's Hunting Directory," and "Whitaker's Almanack"

### "Kelly's Handbook"

*Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes* (£1 10s.) contains a list in alphabetical order of all who have a definite position whether from hereditary rank, a title or order, or as Members of Parliament, as holders of high rank in the Services, as landed proprietors, as distinguished members of the dramatic, literary, and artistic worlds, etc. At the beginning of the volume will be found particulars of the Royal Family, tables of general precedence, an alphabetical list of M.P.s with their addresses and telephone numbers, and a list of foreign Ministers and Consuls in London.

### For Hunting Folk

*Baily's Hunting Directory*, of which this is the thirty-seventh edition, is published by Messrs. Vinton and Company at 10s. 6d. (cloth) and 15s. (leather). This is an invaluable work and of the greatest importance to hunting folk who wish to keep pace with events connected with their sport. Details are given of the personnel of some 560 packs, together with full information regarding the type of country over which they hunt. At the end of the book the results of the various point-to-point meetings of last season are summarized, while there is also a useful ruled diary for the year.

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# THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

| | |
|---|---|
| Aberdeen | The Caledonian H. |
| Aberystwyth | Hotel Victoria |
| Do. | Lion Royal Hotel |
| Do. | "Deva" Private H. |
| Alnwick | White Swan Hotel |
| Alton | Swan Hotel |
| Anglesey | Cliff Hotel, Treardur Bay |
| Ashford | Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel |
| Aylesbury | Crown Hotel |
| Banbury | White Lion Hotel |
| Bangor (N. Wales) | Castle Hotel |
| Bangor (Co. Down) | Royal Hotel |
| Barmouth | Marine Hotel |
| Barnstaple | Waverley Hotel |
| Barrow-in-Furness | Furness Abbey Hotel |
| Bath | Bath Spa Hotel |
| Do. | Grand Pump Room H. |
| Do. | Empire Hotel |
| Bembridge, I.O.W. | Birdham Hotel |
| Bettws-y-Coed | Waterloo Hotel |
| Bexley, Kent | The Rising Sun Inn |
| Blackpool | Empire Private H. |
| Do. | Imperial Hotel |
| Do. | Hotel Metropole |
| Blairgowrie | Sharpe's Temperance Hotel |
| Blandford, Dorset | Crown Hotel |
| Bognor Regis | Walton House, Walton Avenue |
| Do. | Gresham Hotel |
| Do. | Arlington Private H. |
| Boroughbridge | Three Arrows Hotel |
| Bournemouth | Branksome Twr. H. |
| Do. | Branksome Dene H. |
| Do. | Boscombe Dene |
| Do. | Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff |
| Do. | Carlton Hotel |
| Do. | Cotford Hall Pte. H. |
| Do. | Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff |
| Do. | The Haven Hotel |
| Do. | Hotel Walmer |
| Do. | The Imperial Hotel |
| Do. | Marina Hse. Pte. H. |
| Do. | Osborne Priory H. |
| Do. | Westminster Hall H. |
| Bowness-on-Windermere | Rigg's Crown Hotel |
| Box Hill | Burford Bridge H. |
| Bradford-on-Avon | Old Court Hotel |
| Bridge of Allan | Allan Water Hotel |
| Brighton | Belvidere Mans. H. |
| Do. | Hollywood Hotel |
| Do. | Old Ship Hotel |
| Broadway | Lygon Arms Hotel |
| Bromley Hill, Kent | Bromley Hill Court Hotel |
| Brora | Grand Hotel |
| Do. | Sutherland Arms H. |
| Bude | Falcon Hotel |
| Do. | Grenville Hotel |
| Budleigh Salterton | Rosemullion H. |
| Buxton | The Bedford Hotel |
| Do. | The Old Hall Hotel |
| Carrigart (Co. Donegal) | The Rosapenna Hotel |
| Catterick | The Bridge House H. |
| Chagford | Moor Park Hotel |
| Cheddar | Cliff Hotel |
| Cheltenham | Ellenborough Hotel |
| Do. | Plough Hotel |
| Do. | Pyatt's Hotel |
| Chester | Queen's Hotel |
| Cirencester | King's Head Hotel |
| Do. | Wellesley House H. |
| Cliftonville | Grand Hotel |
| Do. | Grosvenor Court H. |
| Do. | Kingscliffe Hotel |
| Coniston | Raeburn Hotel |
| Cork | Imperial Hotel |
| Criccieth | Caerwylan Pte. H. |
| Do. | Lion Hotel |
| Cromer | The Grand Hotel |
| Cromford, Matlock | Greyhound Hotel |
| Dalkey (Co. Dublin) | Cliff Castle Hotel |
| Dawlish | Sefton Hotel |
| Derby | Friary Hotel |
| Do. | Midland Hotel |
| Do. | York Hotel |
| Dornoch | Sutherland Arms H. |
| Droitwich Spa | Impney Hotel |
| Do. | Raven Hotel |
| Dublin | Central Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Hibernian H. |
| Do. | Shelbourne Hotel |
| Dumfries | County Hotel |
| Dundee | Mather's Hotel |
| Dunkeld | Birnam Hotel |
| Dun Laoghaire (Dublin) | Ross's Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Marine Hotel |
| Eastbourne | "Donnington," Enys Road |
| Do. | Grand Hotel |
| Do. | Southdown Hotel |
| Do. | The Chatsworth H. |
| Do. | York House Hotel |
| Edinburgh | Caledonian Hotel |
| Do. | Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel |
| Do. | Roxburghe Hotel |
| Do. | Royal British Hotel |
| Elie | Marine Hotel |
| Falmouth | Falmouth Hotel |
| Do. | Manor House Hotel Budock Vean |
| Do. | Royal Hotel |
| Folkestone | Grand Hotel |
| Do. | Queen's Hotel |
| Fowey | Fowey Hotel |
| Do. | St. Catherine's H. |
| Glasgow | Central Hotel |
| Do. | George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street |
| Do. | St. Enoch Hotel |
| Gleneagles | Gleneagles Hotel |
| Glengarriff (Cork) | Golf Links Hotel |
| Gloucester | New Inn Hotel |
| Do. | Wellington Hotel |
| Do. | Spread Eagle |
| Do. | The Midland and Royal Hotel |
| Goathland | Goathland Hydro H. |
| Golspie | Sutherland Arms H. |
| Gorleston-on-Sea | The Pier Hotel |
| Greenock | Tontive Hotel |
| Gt. Malvern | Hardwicke Hotel |
| Greystones (Co. Wicklow) | Grand Hotel |
| Guernsey | Richmond Hotel |
| Guildford | Shalford Park Hotel |
| Gullane | Bisset's Hotel |
| Hailsham | Woodside Resident'l H. & Country Club |
| Halifax | White Swan Hotel |
| Harrogate | Cairn Hydro Hotel |
| Do. | Crown Hotel |
| Do. | Granby Hotel |
| Do. | Grand Hotel |
| Do. | Harrogate Hydro H. |
| Do. | Majestic Hotel |
| Do. | Wellington Hotel |
| Hastings | Queen's Hotel |
| Heathfield | Heathfield Hotel |
| Henley-on-T. | Imperial Hotel |
| Hereford | Green Dragon Hotel |
| Hindhead | Highcroft & Golfers Private Hotel |
| Horns Cross | Hoops Inn |
| Hove | Courtlands Hotel |
| Do. | St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel |
| Hull | White House Hotel |
| Do. | Grosvenor Hotel |
| Do. | Imperial Hotel |
| Hythe | Sutherland House H. |
| Ilfracombe | Crescent Hotel |
| Instow (N. Devon) | Instow Private H. |
| Inverness | Station Hotel |
| Kenilworth | Arden House Hotel |
| Keswick | County Hotel |
| Do. | Keswick Hotel |
| Do. | The Borrowdale H. |
| Do. | Skiddaw Hotel |
| Do. | Queen's Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Oak Hotel |
| Kingstown (Co. Dublin) | Ross's Hotel |
| Kingussie | Star Hotel |
| Kyle of Lochalsh | Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve |
| Leamington Spa | Alkerton House Private Hotel |
| Do. | Crown Hotel |
| Do. | Maisonette Private H |
| Leeds | Queen's Hotel |
| Leeming Lane | Newton House H. |
| Letchworth | The People's House |
| Lewes | The Shelleys Hotel |
| Lincoln | Grand Hotel |
| Littlehampton | Southlands Hotel |
| Liverpool | Adelphi Hotel |
| Do. | Exchange Hotel |
| Llandudno | Empire Hotel |
| Do. | Imperial Hotel |
| Loch Awe, Argyllshire | Loch Awe Hotel |
| London | Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1 |
| Do. | Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2 |
| Do. | Bailey's Hotel, Gl'ster Rd., S.W.7 |
| Do. | Berkeley Court H., 29, Leinster Gdns., W.2 |
| Do. | Craven H., Craven Street, W.C.2 |
| Do. | Cromwell Hse. Pte. H., 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5 |
| Do. | Cumberland House Private Hotel, Kew Gardens |
| Do. | Euston H. Drummond St., N.W.1 |
| Do. | Grafton H., Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1 |
| Do. | Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbdg., S.W. |
| Do. | Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, S.W.1 |
| Do. | Midland Grand H., Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1 |
| Do. | New Norfolk Hotel, London St., W.2 |
| Do. | Palace H., Bloomsbury St., W.C.1 |
| Do. | Rembrandt H., Sth. Kensington, S.W. |
| Do. | Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1 |
| Do. | Ruskin Manor H., 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5 |
| Do. | South Kensington H., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7 |
| Do. | Stafford Hotel, St. James's Pl., S.W.1 |
| Do. | Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3 |
| Do. | "Trevose," 68/70, Queensboro' Ter., Hyde Park, W.2 |
| Do. | The Hotel Vandyke, Cromwell Road, S.W.7 |
| Do. | West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1 |
| Do. | Wilton H., Victoria, S.W.1 |
| Lossiemouth | Stotfield Hotel |
| Lowestoft | Esplanade Hotel |
| Do. | Imperial Hotel |
| Lundin Links, Fife | Lundin Links Hotel |
| Lyme Regis | Alexandra Hotel |
| Do. | Pitt House Hotel |
| Do. | Stile House Hotel |
| Do. | The Bay Hotel |
| Lytham | Clifton Hotel |
| Maidenhead | Skindles Hotel |
| Do. | Dumb Bell Hotel |
| Maidstone | Royal Star Hotel |
| Manchester | Midland Hotel |
| Mansfield, Notts | Midland Hotel |
| Matlock | Rockside Hydro |
| Minehead | Kingsway Pte. Hotel |
| Moretonhampstead | Manor House Hotel |
| Morthoe | Watersmeet Hotel |
| Newnham-on-Severn | Victoria Hotel |
| Newquay | Atlantic Hotel |
| Do. | St. Rumon's Hotel |
| Do. | Hotel Victoria |
| North Berwick | Marine Hotel |
| Northampton | Stag's Head Hotel |
| Nottingham | The County Hotel |
| Do. | The George Hotel |
| Oban | Great Western Hotel |
| Do. | Station Hotel |
| Oxford | Randolph Hotel |
| Paignton | Paignton Palace H. |
| Do. | Paignton Hydro |
| Do. | Redcliffe Hotel |
| Penmaenmawr | Grand Hotel |
| Penrith | Ullswater Hotel |
| Perth | Station Hotel |
| Petersfield | Fern Bank Pte. H. |
| Portheawl | Esplanade Hotel |
| Do. | Seabank Hotel |
| Ramsey, I.O.M. | Hotel Britannia |
| Reeth, Richmond | Arkleside Private Hotel |
| Richmond (Surrey) | Richmond Hill Hotel |
| Richmond (Yorks) | The King's Head Hotel |
| Ripon | Unicorn Hotel |
| Rostrevor (Co. Down) | Great Northern Hotel |
| Rumbling Bridge | Rumbling Bridge Hotel |
| St. Andrews | Atholl Hotel |
| St. Anne's-on-Sea | Grand Hotel |
| St. Ives | Tregenna Castle H. |
| St. Leonards-on-Sea | Alexandra Hotel |
| Do. | Eversfield Hotel |
| St. Neots | Bridge Hotel |
| Do. | New Inn Hotel |
| Salisbury | Angel Hotel |
| Do. | Old George Hotel |
| Do. | The White Hart H. |
| Sandown, I.W. | Royal Cliff Hotel |
| Scarborough | Manor Private Hotel |
| Do. | Pavilion Hotel |
| Seaton | Royal Clarence H. |
| Sevenoaks | Heathfield Private H. |
| Do. | "Top o' the Hill" |
| Shaldon (S. Devon) | Dunmore Hotel |
| Shanklin | Channel View Hotel |
| Sheffield | Albany Hotel |
| Do. | Angel Hotel |
| Do. | Grand Hotel |
| Sidmouth | Belmont Hotel |
| Do. | Fortfield Hotel |
| Do. | Torbay View Hotel |
| Do. | Victoria Hotel |
| Southbourne, Bournemouth | Grange Hotel |
| Do. | "Aberdalgie" |
| Southport | Prince of Wales H. |
| Do. | Parry's Waverley H. |
| Southsea | Gladstone Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Beach Hotel |
| Southwold | The Swan Hotel |
| Staines | Pack Horse Hotel |
| Stranraer | King's Arms Hotel |
| Stratford-on-Avon | Arden Hotel |
| Stroud | The Bear Inn |
| Do. | Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud |
| Sunbury-on-Thames | Sunbury Lodge |
| Sunderland | Palatine Hotel |
| Surbiton | Oakenshaw, Oak Hill |
| Taunton | Castle Hotel |
| Teignmouth | Beach Hotel |
| Do. | Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon |
| Templecombe | Templecombe House Hotel |
| Tewkesbury | The Bell Hotel |
| Thurlestone (S. Devon) | Rock House Private Hotel |
| Do. | Thurlestone Hotel |
| Tintern | Beaufort Arms Hotel |
| Torquay | Allerdale Hotel |
| Do. | Babbacombe Cliff H., Babbacombe |
| Do. | Babbacombe Glen H., Babbacombe |
| Do. | Dartmeet Private H., Belgrave Rd. |
| Do. | Grand Hotel |
| Do. | Haldon Manor H. |
| Do. | Hotel Hennapyn |
| Do. | Links H., Babbacm. |
| Do. | Livermead Cliff H. |
| Do. | Osborne Hotel |
| Do. | Palace Hotel |
| Do. | Palm Court Hotel |
| Do. | Roslin Hall Hotel |
| Do. | The Sandringham Private Hotel |
| Do. | The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain |
| Do. | Victoria & Albert H. |
| Do. | White House Hotel |
| Troon | Marine Hotel |
| Tunbridge Wells | Earl's Court Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel |
| Ullapool | Royal Hotel |
| Uxbridge | Brookfield Hotel |
| Ventnor | Rocklands Private H., St. Lawrence |
| Do. | Royal Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Marine Hotel |
| Waltham Cross | Theobalds Park Hotel |
| Warwick | Lord Leycester H. |
| Wellington, Somerset | Shapland's Hotel |
| Westcliff-on-Sea | Westcliff Hotel |
| West Hartlepool | Birks Station Hotel |
| Weston-s.-Mare | Cairo Pte. H., Ltd. |
| Do. | Crosby Hall Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Pier Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Hotel |
| Whitby, Yorks | Kirby's Hotel |
| Whitley Bay | Waverley Hotel |
| Winchester | Talbot Hotel |
| Windermere | Belsfield Hotel |
| Do. | Low Wood Hotel |
| Windsor | The Old House H. |
| Woolacombe | Whin Bay Hotel |
| Do. | Woolacombe Bay H. |
| Worthing | Steyne Hotel |

# TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

## Answers to Enquirers

**P., Worc.** (Italy).—You will find Amalfi a delightful place in which to spend the winter months. The climate is good and the scenery exceptionally lovely. The Hôtel Santa Caterina there is well situated by the sea, with terms from 32 to 54 lire per day. It has central heating and running hot and cold water in the bedrooms. There is an electric railway between Naples and Pompeii, so that we think you would find it more comfortable to stay in the former town and visit Pompeii from there.

**G., Yorks** (Ceylon).—January and February are the two best months of the year in which to visit Ceylon. March and April are dry, but except in the hills it is rather hot. The 1st class return fare viâ the Orient Line ranges from £110 to £140. The *Otranto* leaves London on January 6, and the *Orford* on January 26. The Galle Face Hotel outside Colombo is very good indeed, terms ranging from 18s. 6d. per day. At Mount Lavinia Hotel, six miles from Colombo, there is excellent surf-bathing. This hotel charges from 18s. per day. You might spend February by the sea and in March travel up to some resort in the hills. Nuwara Eliya, for instance, is situated in beautiful surroundings, and at that time of the year enjoys a mild "season." At the Grand Hotel there terms range from 1 guinea per day.

**M., Surrey** (French Riviera).—We can thoroughly recommend the Hôtel des Etrangers at Monte Carlo, with daily terms of from 40 francs. The Hôtel Terminus Palace, opposite the Casino, is also very excellent (from 50 francs per day). Outside Monte Carlo, at Roquebrune, there is a delightful hotel, the Villa Sevigne, with terms as low as 35 francs per day. The above prices include full pension, i.e. French breakfast, luncheon, and dinner.

## Hints for Travellers

### TANGIER — THE NEW UNION-CASTLE PORT OF CALL.

The Union-Castle Mail Steamship Co., Ltd., inform us that in future their East African vessels on both outward and homeward voyages will make monthly calls at Tangier. As one can make the 1st class return journey from England to Tangier for £13 10s., between May and September, such a trip would prove an economical summer cruise.

### AUSTRIA'S TOURIST EXHIBITION.

Austria is holding a Tourists' World Exhibition next year, to last from the spring till the autumn. Government support is being accorded, also that of the Federal Railways, and the hotels and commercial societies connected with foreign tourist traffic, which points to the probability of success.

### SIGHT-SEEING DE LUXE.

The *Empress of Britain*, the world's largest and most palatial pleasure cruiser, is about to make another round-the-world voyage. In connection with this a most interesting handbook has been produced which may be obtained from the offices of the Canadian Pacific Steamships, Ltd. Bearing the title, *Round the World with the Empress of Britain* and written in intriguing vein by P. Shaw Jeffrey, M.A., F.R.G.S., this book can be trusted to persuade any readers who have the means and leisure to embark upon this memorable round of sight-seeing.

The cruise which, for British and European passengers, begins on January 16 and ends on May 22, takes in five continents and over twenty countries. For size, beauty, and luxurious appointments, the *Empress of Britain*, as is widely known, holds the blue riband of the world's pleasure cruisers. The charm of such a tour must be immeasurably enhanced by so delightful a background, and it is gratifying to know that the *Empress of Britain* was the product of a world-famous firm of Clydebank shipbuilders.

### HOME FROM THE RIVIERA BY ORIENT LINE STEAMER.

Visitors to the Riviera who have seized the opportunity of spending an economical holiday on that sunny coast will be interested to know that they can make the return journey to England by one of the exceedingly comfortable ships of the Orient Line. These 20,000 ton ships, homeward bound from Australia, are calling at Villefranche for the first time next year; *Oronsay* January 25, *Orama* February 8, *Otranto* April 5, *Orford* April 19, *Oronsay* May 17, and *Orama* May 31. The first class fare is £16 and the tourist class fare £10.

## AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

# *Strange Chapters in History: CHRISTMAS with the Crusaders*

## CHRISTMAS IN THE CAMP OF THE CRUSADERS OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

"As darkness fell, thousands of lights appeared. Torches and candles twinkled, fires blazed throughout the camps. The odour of burning twigs mixed with the characteristic aroma of wine dripped over the roasted meat. Here and there, bishops and high priests on horseback, accompanied by a retinue of cavalry, made their way through the multitude, showering the largesse of benediction. Sometimes they passed before a gorgeous tent, where the warriors fell on their knees with the precision of military drill; sometimes they passed through a picturesque hurly-burly of gipsies, eager to expose their babies to the gesture before which mighty and humble alike bent the knee."

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Seven examples of ENGLISH CHARM.
KITE COTTAGE, MONK'S HORTON, KENT—the Home of Mary Grey.
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OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER.
"VERY COMFORTABLE," by H. T. W. Bousfield.
The MOTORING SECTION, by the Earl of Cardigan.
Literary Competition
THE CHILDREN'S SALON.

## THE INNKEEPER OF BETHLEHEM

"The decree of Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled had made at least one man happy—the innkeeper at Bethlehem.

"He re-read the proclamation printed in charcoal, in Hebrew characters, on the flaking wall beneath which on market-days farmers strewed fodder for their asses: 'Every man to his own city to be enrolled.' That meant that all the tall sons of David's lineage who had sallied forth to seek their fortunes in the ambitious Roman world must return to their lowly place of origin. For one night little Bethlehem on its hill-top, ignored, half deserted, dreaming of past glories, would be thronged as Jerusalem. The innkeeper smiled. His hostel would be full."

*You'll enjoy every page . . . By Coningsby Dawson, illustrated by Stephen Spurrier, R.O.I.*

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